

THE
TEA-TABLE
MISCELLANY:
OR,
ALLAN RAMSAY'S
COLLECTION of
SCOTS SANGS.



LONDON:
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DEDICATION.

*To ilka lovely British Lass,
Frae Ladies Charlotte, Anne and Jean,
Down to ilk bony singing Bels,
Wha dances barefoot on the Green.*

DEAR LASSES,

T*OUR most humble Slave,
Wha ne'er to serve you shall decline,
Kneeling wad your Acceptance crave,
When he presents this sma' Propine.*

*Then take it kindly to your Care,
Revive it with your tunefu' Notes :
Its Beauties will look sweet and fair,
Arising saftly through your Throats.*

*The wanton wee Thing will rejoice,
When tented by a sparkling Eye,
The Spinnet tinkling with her Voice,
It lying on her lovely Knee.*

iv DEDICATION.

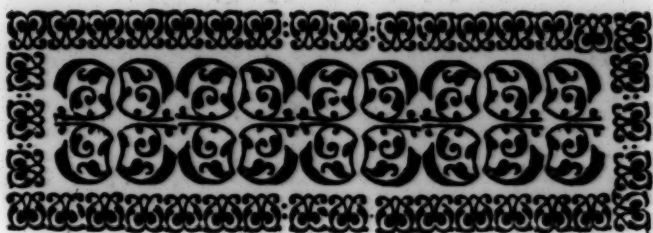
*While Kettles dringe on Ingles dour,
Or Clashes stay the lazy Lasses;
Thir Sangs may ward you frae the sower,
And gayly vacant Minutes pass.*

*E'en while the Tea's fill'd reeking round,
Rather than plot a tender Tongue,
Treat a' the circling Lugs wi' Sound,
Syne softly sip when ye have sung.*

*May Happiness had up your Hearts,
And warm you lang with loving Fires:
May Pow'rs propitious play their Parts,
In matching you to your Desires.*

Edinb. January 1.
1724.

A. RAMSAY.



THE PREFACE.

ALTHO' it be acknowledged, that our Scots Tunes have not lengthened Variety of Musick, yet they have an agreeable Gaiety and natural Sweetness, that make them acceptable wherever they are known; not only among our selves, but in other Countries. They are for the most part so chearful, that on hearing them well play'd or sung, we find a Difficulty to keep our selves from dancing. What farther adds to the Esteem we have for them, is, their

Antiquity, and their being universally known. Mankind's Love for Novelty would appear to contradict this Reason; but will not, when we consider, that for one that can tolerably entertain with Vocal or Instrumental Musick, there are fifty that content themselves with the Pleasure of Hearing, and Singing, without the Trouble of being taught: Now, such are not Judges of the fine Flourishes of new Musick imported from Italy and elsewhere, yet will listen with Pleasure to Tunes that they know, and can join with in the Chorus. Say that our Way is only an harmonious speaking of merry, witty or soft Thoughts, after the Poet has dress'd them in four or five Stanza's; yet undoubtedly these must relish best with People, who have not bestowed much of their Time in acquiring a Taste for that downright perfect Musick, which requires none, or very little of the Poet's Assistance.

My

P R E F A C E. vii

My being well assured, how acceptable new Words to known good Tunes would prove, engaged me to the making Verses for above sixty of them, in this and the second Volume: About thirty more were done by some ingenious young Gentlemen, who were so well pleased with my Undertaking, that they generously lent me their Assistance; and to them the Lovers of Sense and Musick are obliged for some of the best Songs in the Collection. The rest are such old Verses as have been done Time out of Mind, and only wanted to be cleared from the Dross of blundering Transcribers and Printers; such as, The Gaberlunzie-man, Muirland Willy, &c. that claim their Place in our Collection, for their merry Images of the low Character.

This Fifth Edition in four Years, and the general Demand for the Book by Persons of all Ranks, wherever our Language

viii P R E F A C E.

is understood, is a sure Evidence of its being acceptable. My worthy Friend Dr. Bannerman tells me from America,

Nor only do your Lays o'er Britain flow,
Round all the Globe your happy Sonnets go;
Here thy soft Verse, made to a *Scottish Air*,
Are often sung by our *Virginian Fair*.
Camilla's warbling Notes are heard no more,
But yield to *Last Time I came o'er the Moor*;
Hydaspes and *Rinaldo* both give way
To *Mary Scot*, *Tweed-side*, and *Mary Gray*.

From this and the following Volume Mr. Thomson (who is allowed by all, to be a good Teacher and Singer of Scots Songs) cull'd his Orpheus Caledonius, the Musick for both the Voice and Flute, and the Words of the Songs finely engraven in a Folio Book, for the Use of Persons of the highest Quality in Britain, and dedicated to her Royal Highness, now her Majesty, our most gracious Queen. This by the by I thought proper

P R E F A C E: ix

to intimate, and do my self that Justice which the Publisher neglected; since he ought to have acquainted his Illustrious List of Subscribers, that the most of the Songs were mine, the Musick abstracted.

In my Compositions and Collections, I have kept out all Smut and Ribaldry, that the modest Voice and Ear of the fair Singer might meet with no Affront; the chief Bent of all my Studies being to gain their good Graces: And it shall always be my Care, to ward off these Frowns that would prove mortal to my Muse.

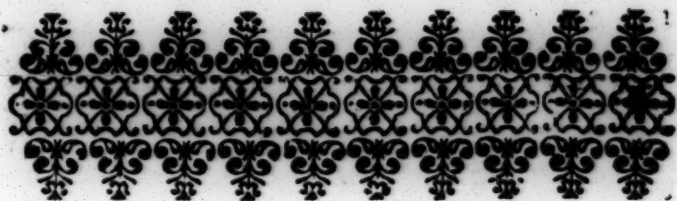
*Now, little Books, go your ways; be assured of favourable Reception wherever the Sun shines on the free-born cheerful Briton; steal your selves into the Ladies Bosoms. Happy Volumes! you are to live too as long as the Song of Homer in Greek and English, and mix
your*

P R E F A C E.

your Ashes only with the Odes of Horace. Were it but my Fate, when old and ruffled, like you to be again reprinted, what a curious Figure would I appear on the outmost Limits of Time, after a thousand Editions? Happy Volumes! you are secure, but I must yield; please the Ladies, and take care of my Fame.

In hopes of this, fearless of coming Age,
I'll smile thro' Life; and when for Rhime renowned,
I'll calmly quit the Farce, and giddy Stage,
And sleep beneath a flow'ry Turf full sound.

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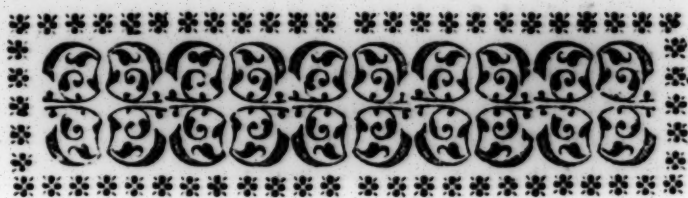
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T H E
TEA-TABLE
MISCELLANY.

Bonny CHRISTY.

HOW sweetly smells the Simmer Green?
 Sweet taste the Peach and Cherry;
 Painting and Order please our Eeu,
 And Claret makes us merry:
 But finest Colours, Fruits and Flow'rs,
 And Wine, tho' I be thirsty,
 Lose a' their Charms and weaker Pow'rs,
 Compar'd with those of *Christy*.

When wand'ring o'er the flow'ry Park,
 No nar'ral Beauty wanting;
 How lightsome is't to hear the Lark,
 And Birds in Consort chanting:
 But if my *Christy* tunes her Voice,
 I'm rapt in Admiration;
 My Thoughts with Extracies rejoice,
 And drap the hale Creation.

B

Whene'er

2 R A M S A Y ' s C O L L E C T I O N

When'er she smiles a kindly Glance,
 I take the happy Omen,
 And aften mint to make Advance,
 Hoping she'll prove a Woman:
 But, dubious of my ane Desert,
 My Sentiments I smother;
 With secret Sighs I vex my Heart,
 For Fear she love another.

Thus sang blate *Edie* by a Burn,
 His *Christy* did o'er hear him;
 She doughtna let her Lover mourn,
 But e'er he wist drew near him.
 She spake her Favour with a Look,
 Which left nae Room to doubt her;
 He wisely this white Minute took,
 And sang his Arms about her.

My *Christy* !---witness, bonny Stream;
 Sic Joys frae Tears arising,
 I wish this may na be a Dream;
 O Love the maist surprising!
 Time was too precious now for Tauk;
 This Point of a' his Wishes
 He wadna with set Speeches bauk,
 But war'd it a' on Kisses.

The Bush aboon Traquair.

HE A R me, ye Nymphs, and every Swain,
 I'll tell how *Peggy* grieves me,
 Tho' thus I languish, thus complain,
 Alas! she ne'er believes me.
 My Vows and Sighs, like silent Air,
 Unheeded never move her;

At the bonny Bush aboon *Traquair*,
 'Twas there I first did love her.
 That Day she smil'd, and made me glad,
 No Maid seem'd ever kinder;
 I thought my self the luckiest Lad,
 So sweetly there to find her.
 I try'd to sooth my am'rous Flame,
 In Words that I thought tender;
 If more there pass'd, I'm not to blame,
 I meant not to offend her.

Yet now she scornful flees the Plain,
 The Fields we then frequented;
 If e'er we meet, she shews Disdain,
 She looks as ne'er acquainted.
 The bonny Bush bloom'd fair in *May*,
 Its Sweets I'll ay remember;
 But now her Frowns make it decay,
 It fades as in *December*.

Ye rural Powers, who hear my Strains,
 Why thus should *Peggy* grieve me?
 Oh! make her Partner in my Pains,
 Then let her Smiles relieve me.
 If not, my Love will turn Despair,
 My Passion no more tender,
 I'll leave the Bush aboon *Traquair*,
 To lonely Wilds I'll wander.

An ODE. Tune of, Polwarth on the Green.

THOU Beauty, like the Rose
 That smiles on *Polwarth Green*,
 In various Colours shows,
 As 'tis by Fancy seen:

4 R A M S A Y ' s C O L L E C T I O N

Yet all its different Glories lye
 United in thy Face,
 And Virtue, like the Sun on high,
 Gives Rays to ev'ry Grace.

So charming is her Air,
 So smooth, so calm her Mind,
 That to some Angel's Care
 Each Motion seems assign'd:
 But yet so chearful, sprightly, gay,
 The joyful Moments fly,
 As if for Wings they stole the Ray
 She darteth from her Eye.

Kind am'rous *Cupids*, while
 With tuneful Voice she sings,
 Perfume her Breath and Smile,
 And wave their Balmy Wings:
 But as the tender Blushes rise,
 Soft Innocence doth warm,
 The Soul in blissful Extasies
 Dissolveth in the Charm.

T W E E D - S I D E .

W H A T Beauties does *Flora* disclose?
 How sweet are her Smiles upon *Tweed*?
 Yet *Mary*'s still sweeter than those;
 Both Nature and Fancy exceed.
 Nor Daisie, nor sweet blushing Rose,
 Not all the gay Flowers of the Field;
 Not *Tweed* gliding gently thro' those,
 Such Beauty and Pleasure does yield.
 The Warblers are heard in the Grove,
 The Linnet, the Lark, and the Thrush,

The

The Black-bird, and sweet-cooing Dove,
With Musick enchant ev'ry Bush.
Come, let us go forth to the Mead,
Let us see how the Primroses spring;
We'll lodge in some Village on *Tweed*,
And love where the feather'd Folks sing.

How does my Love pass the long Day;
Does *Mary* not tend a few Sheep?
Do they never carelessly stray,
While happily she lies asleep?
Tweed's Murmurs should lull her to Rest;
Kind Nature indulging my Bliss,
To relieve the soft Pains of my Breast,
I'd steal an ambrosial Kiss.

'Tis she does the Virgins excell,
No Beauty with her may compare;
Love's Graces all round her do dwell,
She's fairest, where Thousands are fair.
Say, Charmer, where do thy Flocks stray?
Oh! tell me at Noon where they feed;
Shall I seek them at sweet-winding *Tay*,
Or the pleasanter Banks of the *Tweed*?

S O N G. Tune of, *Wae's my Heart that we
should sunder.*

IS *Hamilla* then my own?
O! the dear the charming Treasure:
Fortune now in vain shall frown;
All my future Life is Pleasure.

See how rich with youthful Grace,
Beauty warms her ev'ry Feature;

Smiling Heaven is in her Face,
All is gay, and all is Nature.

See what mingling Charms arise,
Rosy Smiles, and kindling Blushes;
Love sits laughing in her Eyes,
And betrays her secret Wishes.

Haste then from the *Idalian* Grove,
Infant Smiles, and Sports, and Graces;
Spread the downy Couch for Love,
And lull us in your sweet Embraces.

Softest Raptures, pure from Noise,
This fair happy Night surround us;
While a Thousand sprightly Joys
Silent flutter all around us.

Thus unsowr'd with Care and Strife,
Heaven still guard this dearest Blessing;
While we tread the Path of Life,
Loving still, and still possessing.

A S O N G.

LET's be jovial, fill our Glasses,
Madness 'tis for us to think,
How the World is rul'd by Asses,
And the Wise are sway'd by Chink.
Fa, la, ra, &c.

Then never let vain Cares oppress us,
Riches are to them a Snare;
We're ev'ry one as rich as *Cræsus*,
While our Bottle drowns our Care.
Fa, la, ra, &c.

Wine

Wine will make us red as Roses,
And our Sorrows quite forget :
Come, let us fuddle all our Noses,
Drink our selves quite out of Debt.
Fa, la, ra, &c.

When grim Death is looking for us,
We are toping at our Bowls,
Bacchus joining in the Chorus :
Death, be gone, here's none but Souls.
Fa, la, ra, &c.

Godlike *Bacchus* thus commanding,
Trembling Death away shall fly,
Ever after understanding
Drinking Souls can never die.
Fa, la, ra, &c.

Muirland Willie.

HArken and I will tell you how
Young *Muirland Willie* came to woo.
Tho' he could neither say nor do ;
The Truth I tell to you.
But ay he cries, Whate'er betide,
Maggy, I'll ha'e her to be my Bride,
With a fa' dal, &c.

On his Gray Yae as he did ride,
With Durk and Pistol by his Side,
He prick'd her on wi' meikle Pride,
Wi' mickle Mirth and Glee.
Out o'er yon Moss, out o'er yon Muir,
Till he came to her Daddie's Door,
With a fa' &c.

Goodman, quoth he, be ye within,
 I'm come your Doghter's Love to win,
 I care no for making meikle Din;

What Answer gi' ye me?

Now, Woer, quoth he, wou'd ye light down,
 I'll gie ye my Doghter's Love to win,
With a fal, &c.

Now, Woer, sin ye are lighted down,
 Where do ye win, or in what Town?
 I think my Doghter winna gloom

On sick a Lad as ye.

The Woer he stepp'd up the House,
 And wow but he was wond'rous crouse!
With a fal, &c.

I have three Owfen in a Plough,
 Twa good ga'en Yads, and Gear enough,
 The Place they ca' it *Cadeneugh*;

I scorn to tell a Lie:

Besides, I had frae the great Laird
 A Peat-par and a Lang-Kail Yard,
With a fal, &c.

The Maid pat on her Kirtle brown,
 She was the brawest in a' the Town;
 I wat on him she did na gloom,

But blinkir bonnilie.

The Lover he stended up in Haste,
 And gript her hard about the Waist,
With a fal, &c.

To win your Love, Maid, I'm come here,
 I'm young, and hae enough o' Gear;
 And for my fell ye need nae fear,
 Troth try me whan ye like.

He

He took aff his Bonnet and spat in his Chew,
He dighted his Gab, and he pri'd her Mou',
With a fal, &c.

The Maiden blusht and bing'd fu law,
She had nae Will to say him na,
But to her Daddie she left it a',

As they twa cou'd agree.

The Lover he ga'e her the tither Kifs,
Syne ran to her Daddie, and tell'd him this,
With a fal, &c.

Your Doghter wad na say me na,
But to your sell she has left it a',
As we cou'd agree between us twa;

Say what'll ye gi' me wi' her?

Now, Woer, quo' he, I ha'e na meikle,
But sick's I ha'e ye's get a Pickle,
With a fal, &c.

A Kilnfu' of Corn I'll gi'e to thee,
Three Soums of Sheep, twa good Milk Ky,
Ye's ha'e the Wadding Dinner free;

Troth, I dow do na mair.

Content, quo' he, a Bargain be't,
I'm far frae hame, mak haste, let's do't,
With a fal, &c.

The Bridal Day it came to pass,
Wi' mony a blythsome Lad and Lafs;
But sicken a Day there never was,

Sic Mirth was never seen.

This winsome Couple straked Hands,
Mefs *John* ty'd up the Marriage Bands,
With a fal, &c.

10 RAMSAY'S COLLECTION

And our Bride's Maidens were na few,
Wi' Tap-knots, Lug-knots, a' in blew,
Frac Tap to Tae they were braw new,
And blinkit bonnilie.

Their Toys and Mutches were fae clean,
They glanced in our Ladses Een,
With a fal, &c.

Sic Hirdum Dirdum, and sic Din,
Wi' he o'er her, and she o'er him;
The Minstrels they did never blin,
Wi' meikle Mirth and Glee.

And ay they bobit, and ay they beckt,
And ay their Wames together met,
With a fal, &c.

The promis'd Joy. Tune, Carle and the King come.

WHEN we meet again, Phely,
When we meet again, Phely,
Raptures will reward our Pain,
And Loss result in Gain, Phely.

Long the Sport of Fortune driv'n,
To Despair our Thoughts were giv'n,
Our Odds will all be ev'n, *Phely.*
When we meet again, Phely, &c.

Now in dreary distant Groves,
Tho' we moan like Turtle-doves,
Suffering best our Virtue proves,
And will enhance our Loves, *Phely.*
When we meet again, Phely, &c.

Joy will come in a Surprise,
Till its happy Hour arise;

Temper

Temper well your love-sick Sighs,
For Hope becomes the Wise, *Phely*.

When we meet again, Phely, &c.

To Delia, *on her drawing him to her Valentine.*
Tune of, *Black-ey'd Susan.*

YE Powers! was *Damon* then so blest,
To fall to charming *Delia's* Share.
Delia! the beauteous Maid, posselt
Of all that's soft, and all that's fair?
Here cease thy Bounty, O! indulgent Heav'n,
I ask no more, for all my Wish is giv'n.

I came, and *Delia* smiling show'd,
She smil'd, and shew'd the happy Name;
With rising Joy my Heart o'erflow'd,
I felt and blest the new born Flame.
May softest Pleasures ceaseless round her move,
May all her Nights be Joy, and Days be Love.

She drew the Treasure from her Breast,
That Breast where Love and Graces play,
O Name beyond Expression blest!
Thus lodg'd with all that's fair and gay.
To be so lodg'd! the Thought is Extasy,
Who would not wish in Paradise to ly.

The faithful Shepherd. Tune of, *Auld lang syne.*

WHEN Flow'ry Meadows deck the Year,
And sporting Lambkins play,
When spangl'd Fields renew'd appear,
And Musick wak'd the Day;

Then

Then did my *Chloe* leave her Bow'r,
 To hear my am'rous Lay,
 Warm'd by my Love, she vow'd no Pow'r
 Shou'd lead her Heart astray.

The warbling Quires from ev'ry Bough
 Surround our Couch in Throngs,
 And all their tuneful Art bestow,
 To give us Change of Songs :
 Scenes of Delight my Soul possess'd,
 I blest'd, then hugg'd my Maid ;
 I robb'd the Kisses from her Breast,
 Sweet as a Noon-day's Shade.

Joy so transporting never fails
 To fly away as Air,
 Another Swain with her prevails,
 To be as false as fair.
 What can my fatal Passion cure ?
 I'll never woo again ;
 All her Disdain I must endure,
 Adoring her in vain.

What Pity 'tis to hear the Boy
 Thus sighing with his Pain ?
 But Time and Scorn may give him Joy,
 To hear her sigh again.
 Ah ! fickle *Chloe*, be advis'd,
 Do not thy self beguile,
 A faithful Lover should be priz'd,
 Then cure him with a Smile.

To Mrs. S. H. on her taking something ill I said.
Tune of, *Hallow Ev'n.*

WHY hangs that Cloud upon thy Brow?
That beauteous Heav'n ere while serene?
Whence do these Storms and Tempests flow?
Or what this Gust of Passion mean?
And must then Mankind lose that Light,
Which in thine Eyes was wont to shine,
And lie obscure in endless Night,
For each poor silly Speech of mine?

Dear Child, how can I wrong thy Name,
Since 'tis acknowledg'd at all Hands,
That could ill Tongues abuse thy Fame,
Thy Beauty can make large Amends:
Or if I durst profanely try
Thy Beauty's pow'rful Charms t' upbraid,
Thy Virtue well might give the Lie,
Nor call thy Beauty to its Aid.

For *Venus*, every Heart t' ensnare,
With all her Charms has deckt thy Face,
And *Pallas*, with unusual Care,
Bids Wisdom heighten ev'ry Grace.
Who can the double Pain endure?
Or who must not resign the Field
To thee, Celestial Maid, secure
With *Cupid's* Bow and *Pallas'* Shield?

If then to thee such Pow'r is given,
Let not a Wretch in Torment live,
But smile, and learn to copy Heaven,
Since we must sin ere it forgive.

Yet pitying Heaven not only does
 Forgive th' Offender and th' Offence,
 But even itself, appeas'd, bestows,
 As the Reward of Penitence.

The Broom of Cowdenknows.

HOW blyth ilk Morn was I to see
 The Swain come o'er the Hill!
 He skipt the Burn, and flew to me :
 I met him with good Will.
O the Broom, the bonny bonny Broom,
The Broom of Cowdenknows ;
I wish I were with my dear Swain,
With his Pipe and my Ews.

I neither wanted Ew nor Lamb,
 While his Flock near me lay :
 He gather'd in my Sheep at Night,
 And chear'd me a' the Day.
O the Broom, &c.

He tun'd his Pipe and Reed sae sweet,
 The Birds stood listning by ;
 E'en the dull Cattle stood and gaz'd,
 Charm'd with his Melody.
O the Broom, &c.

While thus we spent our Time by Turns,
 Betwixt our Flocks and Play :
 I envy'd not the fairest Dame,
 Tho' ne'er sae rich and gay.
O the Broom, &c.

Hard Fate that I should banish'd be,
 Gang heavily and mourn,

Because

Because I lov'd the kindest Swain
That ever yet was born.

O the Broom, &c.

He did oblige me ev'ry Hour,
Cou'd I but faithfu' be?

He staw my Heart: Cou'd I refuse
Whate'er he ask'd of me?

O the Broom, &c.

My Doggie, and my little Kit
They held my wee soup Whey,
My Plaidy, Broach, and crooked Stick,
May now lie uselefs by.

O the Broom, &c.

Adieu, ye *Cowdenknows*, adieu,

Farewel a' Pleasures there;

Ye Gods, restore to me my Swain,

Is a' I crave or care.

O the Broom, &c.

To Chloe. Tune of, I wish my Love were in a Mirc.

O Lovely Maid! how dear's thy Pow'r?

At once I love, at once adore:

With Wonder are my Thoughts possess'd,

While softest Love inspires my Breast.

This tender Look, these Eyes of mine,

Confess their am'rous Master thine;

These Eyes with *Strephon's* Passion play,

First make me love, and then betray.

Yes, charming Victor, I am thine,

Poor as it is, this Heart of mine

Was never in another's Pow'r,

Was never pierc'd by Love before.

In thee I've treasur'd up my Joy,
 Thou can'st give Blifs, or Blifs destroy:
 And thus I've bound my self to Love,
 While Blifs or Misery can move.

O should I ne'er possess thy Charms,
 Ne'er meet my Comfort in thy Arms;
 Were Hopes of dear Enjoyment gone,
 Still would I love, love thee alone.
 But like some discontented Shade
 That wanders where its Body's laid,
 Mournful I'd roam with hollow Glare,
 For ever exil'd from my Fair.

*Upon bearing his Picture was in Chloe's Breast.
 Tune of, The Fourteenth of October.*

YE Gods! was *Strephon's* Picture blest
 With the fair Heaven of *Chloe's* Breast?
 Move softer, thou fond flutt'ring Heart.
 Oh! gently throb—too fierce thou art.
 Tell me, thou brightest of thy Kind,
 For *Strephon* was the Blifs design'd?
 For *Strephon's* Sake, dear charming Maid,
 Didst thou prefer his wand'ring Shade?

And thou blest Shade, that sweetly art
 Lodg'd so near my *Chloe's* Heart,
 For me the tender Hour improve,
 And softly tell how dear I love.
 Ungrateful Thing! it scorns to hear
 Its wretched Master's ardent Pray'r,
 Ingrossing all that Beauteous Heaven,
 That *Chloe*, lavish Maid, has given.

I cannot

I cannot blame thee, were I Lord
Of all the Wealth those Breasts afford,
I'd be a Miser too, nor give
An Alms to keep a God alive.
Oh ! smile not thus, my lovely Fair,
On these cold Looks that lifeless are,
Prize him whose Bosom glows with Fire,
With eager Love and soft Desire.

'Tis true, thy Charms, O pow'ful Maid,
To Life can bring the silent Shade:
Thou can'st surpass the Painter's Art,
And real Warmth and Flames impart.
But oh ! it ne'er can love like me,
I've ever lov'd, and lov'd but thee :
Then, Charmer, grant my fond Request,
Say thou can'st love, and make me blest.

*Song for a Serenade. Tune of, The Broom of
Cowdenknows.*

TEACH me, *Chloe*, how to prove
My boasted Flame sincere:
'Tis hard to tell how dear I love,
And hard to hide my Care.

Sleep in vain displays her Charms,
To bribe my Soul to Rest,
Vainly spreads her Silken Arms,
And courts me to her Breast.

Where can *Strephon* find Repose,
If *Chloe* is not there ?
For ah ! no Peace his Bosom knows,
When absent from the Fair.

What tho' *Phœbus* from on high
 With-holds his chearful Ray,
 Thine Eyes can well his Light supply,
 And give me more than Day.

Love is the Cause of my Mourning.

BY a murmuring Stream a fair Shepherdess lay,
 Be so kind, O ye Nymphs, I oft-times heard her
 say,

Tell *Strephon* I die, if he passes this Way,
And that Love is the Cause of my Mourning.

Falſe Shepherds that tell me of Beauty and Charms,
 You deceive me, for *Strephon's* cold Heart never
 warms;

Yet bring me this *Strephon*, let me die in his Arms,
Oh Strephon! the Cause of my Mourning.

But firſt, ſaid ſhe, let me go
 Down to the Shades below,
 E'er ye let *Strephon* know
 That I have lov'd him ſo:

Then on my pale Cheek no Bluſhes will ſhow,
That Love was the Cause of my Mourning.

Her Eyes were ſcarce cloſed when *Strephon* came by,
 He thought ſhe'd been ſleeping, and ſoftly drew nigh;
 But finding her breathleſs, oh Heavens! did he cry,
Ah Chloris! the Cause of my Mourning.

Reſtore me my *Chloris*, ye Nymphs uſe your Art,
 They, ſighing, reply'd, 'twas your ſelf ſhot the Dart
 That wounded the tender young Shepherdess' Heart,
And kill'd the poor Chloris with Mourning.

Ah:

Ah! then is *Chloris* dead,
Wounded by me, he said;
I'll follow thee, chaste Maid,
Down to the silent Shade.

Then on her cold snowy Breast leaning his Head,
Expir'd the poor Strephon with Mourning.

To Mrs. A. H. on seeing her at a Confort. Tune,
The bonniest Lass in a' the World.

LOOK where my dear *Hamilla* smiles,
Hamilla! heavenly Charmer;
See how with all their Arts and Wiles
The *Loves* and *Graces* arm her.
A Blush dwells glowing on her Cheeks,
Fair Seats of youthful Pleasures,
There Love in smiling Language speaks,
There spreads his Rosy Treasures.

O fairest Maid, I own thy Pow'r,
I gaze, I sigh and languish,
Yet ever, ever will adore,
And triumph in my Anguish.
But ease, O Charmer, ease my Care,
And let my Torments move thee;
As thou art fairest of the Fair,
So I the dearest love thee.

The bonny Scot. Tune of, *The Boat-man.*

YE Gales that gently wave the Sea,
And please the canny Boat-man,
Bear me frae hence, or bring to me
My brave, my bonny *Scot-Man*:

In haly Bands,
 We join'd our Hands,
 Yet may not this discover,
 While Parents rate
 A large Estate
 Before a faithfu' Lover.

But I loor chuse in Highland Glens
 To herd the Kid, and Goat---Man,
 E'er I cou'd for sic little Ends
 Refuse my bonny *Scot*---Man.
 Wac worth the Man
 Wha first began
 The bafe, ungenerous Fashion,
 Frae greedy Views
 Love's Art to use,
 While Strangers to its Passion.

Frae foreign Fields, my lovely Youth,
 Hasten to thy longing Lassie,
 Wha pants to press my bawmy Mouth,
 And in her Bosom hawse thee.
 Love gies the Word,
 Then hasten on Board,
 Fair Winds and tenty Boat-man,
 Waft o'er, waft o'er
 Frae yonder Shore,
 My blyth, my bonny *Scot*---Man.

Scornfu' NANSY. To its own Tune.

NANSY's to the Green Wood gane,
 To hear the Gowdspink chat'ring,
 And *Willie* he has follow'd her,
 To gain her Love by flat'ring:

But

But a' that he cou'd say or do,
 She geck'd and scorned at him;
 And ay when he began to woo,
 She bade him mind wha gat him.

What ails ye at my Dad, quoth he,
 My Minny or my Aunty?
 With Crowdy-Mowdy they fed me,
 Lang-kail and Ranty-tanty:
 With Bannocks of good Barley Meal,
 Of thae there was right Plenty,
 With chapped Stocks fou butter'd well;
 And was not that right dainty?

Altho' my Father was nae Laird,
 'Tis daffin to be vaunty,
 He keepit ay a good Kail-yard,
 A Ha' Houfe and a Pantry:
 A good blew Bonnet on his Head,
 An Owrlay 'bout his Cragy;
 And ay until the Day he died,
 He rade on good Shanks Nagy.

Now Wae and Wander on your Snour,
 Wad ye hae bonny *Nansy*?
 Wad ye compare your sell to me,
 A Docken till a Tanfie?
 I have a Wooer of my ain,
 They ca' him souple *Sandy*,
 And well I wat his bonny Mou
 Is sweet like Sugar-candy.

Wow! *Nansy*, what needs a' this Din?
 Do I not ken this *Sandy*?
 I'm sure the chief of a' his Kin
 Was *Rab* the Beggan Randy:

His Minny *Meg* upo' her Back
 Bare baith him and his *Billy*;
 Will ye compare a nasty Pack
 To me your winsome *Willy*?

My Gutchter left a good braid Sword,
 Tho' it be auld and rusty,
 Yet ye may take it on my Word,
 It is baith stout and trusty;
 And if I can but get it drawn,
 Which will be right uneasy,
 I shall lay baith my Lugs in Pawn,
 That he shall get a Heczy.

Then *Nansy* turn'd her round about,
 And said, did *Sandy* hear ye,
 Ye wadna mis to get a Clout,
 I ken he disna fear ye:
 Sae had your Tongue and say nae mair,
 Set somewhere else your Fancy;
 For as lang's *Sandy's* to the fore,
 Ye never shall get *Nansy*.

Slighted Nansy. Tune, The Kirk wad let me be.

'TIS I have seven braw new Gowns,
 And ither seven better to mak,
 And yet for a' my new Gowns,
 My Wooer has turn'd his Back.
 Besides I have seven Milk-Ky,
 And *Sandy* he has but three;
 And yet for a' my good Ky,
 The Laddie winna ha'e me.

My

My Dady's a Delver of Dikes,
 My Mither can card and spin,
 And I am a fine fodge! Lafs,
 And the Siller comes linkin in :
 The Siller comes linkin in,
 And it is fou fair to see,
 And fifty Times wow ! O wow !
 What ails the Lads at me ?

Whenever our *Baty* does bark,
 Then fast to the Door I rin,
 To see gin ony young Spark
 Will light and venture but in :
 But never a ane will come in,
 Tho' mony a ane gaes by,
 Syne far ben the Houle I rin ;
 And a weary Wight am I.

When I was at my first Pray'rs,
 I pray'd but anes i'the Year,
 I wiith'd for a handsome young Lad,
 And a Lad with muckle Gear.
 When I was at my neist Pray'rs,
 I pray'd but now and than,
 I fash'd na my Head about Gear,
 If I gat a handsome young Man.

Now when I'm at my last Pray'rs,
 I pray on baith Night and Day,
 And O ! if a Beggar wad come,
 With that same Beggar I'd gae.
 And O ! and what'll come o' me ?
 And O ! what will I do ?
 That sic a braw Lassie as I
 Shou'd die for a Woer I trow.

Lucky Nanfy. Tune, Dainty Davie.

WHILE Fops in soft *Italian* Verse
 Ilk fair ane's Een and Breast rehearse,
 While Sangs abound, and Scene is scarce,
 These Lines I have indited:
 But neither Darts nor Arrows here,
Venus nor *Cupid* shall appear,
 And yet with these fine Sounds I swear,
 The Maidens are delited.

*I was ay telling you,
 Lucky Nanfy, Lucky Nanfy,
 Auld Springs wad ding the new,
 But ye wad never trow me.*

Nor Snaw with Crimson will I mix,
 To spread upon my Lassie's Cheeks;
 And syne th' unmeaning Name prefix,
Miranda, Chloë, or Phillis.
 I'll fetch nae Simile frae *Jove*,
 My Height of Extrasy to prove,
 Nor sighing---thus---present my Love
 With Roses eek and Lillies.

I was ay telling you, &c.

But stay---I had amaißt forgot
 My Mistress, and my Song to boot,
 And that's an unco' Faut I wat:
 But *Nanfy*, 'tis nae matter.
 Ye see I clink my Verse wi' Rhime,
 And ken ye, that atones the Crime;
 Forby, how sweet my Numbers chime,
 And slide away like Water.

I was ay telling you, &c.

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Now ken, my reverend sonfy Fair,
Thy runkled Checks and lyart Hair,
Thy haff-shut Een and hodling Air,
Are a' my Passion's Fewel.
Nae skyring Gowk, my Dear, can see,
Or Love, or Grace, or Heaven in thee;
Yet thou hast Charms anew for me,
Then smile, and be na cruel.

*Leez me on thy snawy Pow,
Lucky Nanfy, Lucky Nanfy,
Dryest Wood will eitheft low,
And Nanfy sae will ye now.*

Troth I have sung the Sang to you,
Which ne'er anither Bard wad do;
Hear then my charitable Vow,
Dear venerable *Nanfy*.
But if the World my Passion wrang,
And say ye only live in Sang,
Ken, I despise a slandering Tongue,
And sing to please my Fancy.
Leez me on thy, &c.

*A Scots Cantata. The Tune after an Italian
Manner. Compos'd by Signor Lorenzo Bocchi.*

RECITATIVE.

BLATE *Johnny* faintly teld fair *Jean* his Mind;
Jeany took Pleasure to deny him lang;
He thought her Scorn came frae a Heart unkind,
Which gart him in Despair tune up this Sang.

A I R.

A I R.

O bonny Lassie, since 'tis sae,
 That I'm despis'd by thee,
 I hate to live; but O I'm wae,
 And unko sweeter to die.
 Dear *Jeany*, think what dowy Hours
 I thole by your Disdain;
 Ah! should a Breast sae fast as yours
 Contain a Heart of Stane?

R E C I T A T I V E.

These tender Notes did a' her Pity move,
 With melting Heart she listned to the Boy;
 O'ercome she smil'd, and promis'd him her Love:
 He in Return thus sung his rising Joy.

A I R.

Hence frae my Breast, contentious Care,
 Ye've tint the Power to pine;
 My *Jeany's* good, my *Jeany's* fair,
 And a' her Sweets are mine.
 O spread thine Arms, and gi'e me fowth
 Of dear enchanting Bliss,
 A thousand Joys around thy Mouth,
 Gi'e Heaven with ilka Kiss.

The Toast. Tune of, *Saw ye my Peggy.*

COME let's ha'e mair Wine in,
Bacchus hates repining,
Venus loos nae dwinning,
 Let's be blyth and free.

Away

of SCOTS SANGS.

Away with dull Here t'ye, Sir ;
Ye're Mistrefs, *Robie*, gi's her,
We'll drink her Health wi' Pleasure,
Wha's belov'd by thee.

Then let *Peggy* warm ye,
That's a Lafs can charin ye,
And to Joys alarm ye,
Sweet is she to me.
Some Angel ye wad ca' her,
And never with ane brawer,
If ye bare-headed saw her
Kiltit to the Knee.

Peggy a dainty Lafs is,
Come let's join our Glasses,
And refresh our Hausses
With a Health to thee.
Let Coofs their Cash be clinking,
Be Statesmen tint in thinking,
While we with Love and Drinking,
Give our Cares the Lie.

Magie's Tocher. To its ain Tune.

THE Meal was dear short syne,
We buckl'd us a' thegither ;
And *Maggie* was in her Prime,
When *Willie* made Courtship till her :
Twa Pistols charg'd bequefs,
To gie the courting Shot ;
And syne came ben the Lafs,
Wi' Swats drawn frae the Butt.

He

RAMSAY'S COLLECTION

He first speer'd at the Guidman,
And syne at *Giles* the Mither,
An ye wad gi's a Bit Land,
We'd buckle us e'en thegither.

My Daughter ye shall hae,
I'll gi' you her by the Hand;
But I'll part wi' my Wife by my Fac,
Or I part wi' my Land.
Your Tocher it fall be good,
There's nae fall hae its Maik,
The Lafs bound in her Snood,
And *Crummie* who kens her Stake:
With an auld Bedden o' Claiths,
Was left me by my Mither,
They're jet black o'er wi' Fleas,
Ye may cuddle in them thegither.

Ye speak right well, Guidman,
But ye maun mend your Hand,
And think o' Modesty,
Gin ye'll not quat your Land:
We are but young, ye ken,
And now we're gawn thegither,
A House is butt and benn,
And *Crummie* will want her Fother.
The Bairns are coming on,
And they'll cry, O their Mither!
We have nouthur Pot nor Pan,
But four bare Legs thegither.

Your Tocher's be good enough,
For that ye need na fear,
Twa good Stilts to the Pleugh,
And ye your sell maun steer:

Ye

Ye shall hae twa good Pocks
 That anes were o' the Tweel,
 The tane to had the Grots,
 The ither to had the Meal:
 With an auld Kist made of Wands,
 And that sall be your Coffe,
 Wi' aiken Woody-Bands,
 And that may had your Tocher.

Consider well, Guidman,
 We hae but borrow'd Gear,
 The Horse that I ride on
 Is SANDY WILSON's Mare:
 The Saddle's nane of my ain,
 And thae's but borrowed Boots,
 And when that I gae hame
 I maun tak to my Coots:
 The Cloak is *Geordy Watt's*,
 That gars me look sae crouse;
 Come fill us a Cogue of Swats,
 We'll make nae mair toom Ruse.

I like you well, young Lad,
 For telling me sae plain,
 I married when little I had
 O' Gear that was my ain.
 But sin that Things are sae,
 The Bride the maun come furth,
 Tho' a' the Gear she'll ha'e,
 It'll be but little worth.
 A Bargain it maun be,
 Fy cry on *Giles* the Mither:
 Content am I, quo' she,
 E'en gar the Hissie come hither.

The

Ye

The Bride she gade till her Bed,
 The Bridegroom he came till her;
 The Fidler crap in at the Fit,
 And they cuddl'd it a' thegither.

A Song. Tune, Blink over the Burn, sweet Bettie.

LEAVE Kindred and Friends, sweet *Betty*,
 Leave Kindred and Friends for me;
 Assur'd thy Servant is steddy
 To Love, to Honour, and thee.
 The Gifts of Nature and Fortune,
 May fly, by chance, as they came;
 They're Grounds the Destinies sport on,
 But Virtue is ever the same.

Altho' my Fancy were roving,
 Thy Charms so heavenly appear,
 That other Beauties disproving,
 I'd worship thine only, my Dear.
 And shou'd Life's Sorrows embitter
 The Pleasures we promis'd our Loves,
 To share them together is fitter,
 Than moan assunder like Doves.

Oh! were I but once so blessed,
 To grasp my Love in my Arms!
 By thee to be grasp'd and kissed!
 And live on thy Heaven of Charms!
 I'd laugh at Fortune's Caprices,
 Shou'd Fortune capricious prove;
 Tho' Death should tear me to Pieces,
 I'd die a Martyr to Love.

A Song.

A Song. Tune of, The bonny Grey-cy'd Morning.

Celestial Muses, tune your Lyres,
 Grace all my Raptures with your Lays,
 Charming enchanting *Kate* inspires,
 In lofty Sounds her Beauties praise :
 How undesigning she displays
 Such Scenes as ravish with Delight ;
 Tho' brighter than Meridian Rays,
 They dazzle not, but please the Sight.

Blind God, give this, this only Dart,
 I neither will nor can her harm,
 I would but gently touch her Heart,
 And try for once if that cou'd charm.
 Go, *Venus*, use your fav'rite Wile,
 As she is beauteous, make her kind,
 Let all your Graces round her smile,
 And sooth her till I Comfort find.

When thus, by yielding, I'm o'erpaid,
 And all my anxious Cares remov'd,
 In moving Notes I'll tell the Maid,
 With what pure lasting Flames I lov'd.
 Then shall alternate Life and Death,
 My ravish'd flut'ring Soul possess,
 The softest tend'rest Things I'll breathe,
 Betwixt each am'rous fond Carefs.

Song. Tune of, The Broom of Cowdenknows.

SUBJECTED to the Pow'r of Love,
 By *Nell's* resistless Charms,
 The Fancy fix'd no more can rove,
 Or fly Love's soft Alarms.

Song.

Gay

Gay *Damon* had the Skill to shun
 All Traps by *Cupid* laid,
 Untill his Freedom was undone
 By *Nell* the conqu'ring Maid.

But who can stand the Force of Love
 When she resolves to kill?
 Her sparkling Eyes Love's Arrows prove,
 And wound us with our Will.

O! happy *Damon*, happy Fair,
 What *Cupid* has begun,
 May faithful *Hymen* take a Care
 To see it fairly done.

Song. Tune of, Logan Water.

Vitas binnuleo me similis, Cbloë.

TELL me, *Hamilla*, tell me why
 Thou dost from him that loves thee run?
 Why from his soft Embraces fly,
 And all his kind Endearments shun?

So flies the *Fawn*, with Fear oppress'd,
 Seeking its *Mother* ev'ry where,
 It starts at ev'ry empty Blast,
 And trembles when no Danger's near.

And yet I keep thee but in View,
 To gaze the Glories of thy Face,
 Not with a hateful Step pursue,
 As Age, to rifle every Grace.

Cease then, dear Wildness, cease to toy,
 But haste all Rivals to outshine,
 And grown maturè, and ripe for Joy,
 Leave *Mamma's* Arms, and come to mine.

A South-

A South-Sea Song. Tune of, For our lang bidding here.

WHEN we came to *London Town*,
 We dream'd of Gowd in *Gowpings* here,
 And rantingly ran up and down,
 In raising Stocks to buy a Skair:
 We dastly thought to row in *Rowth*,
 But for our Daffine paid right dear;
 The lave will fare the war in *Trouth*,
 For our lang bidding here.

But when we fand our Purfes toom,
 And dainty Stocks began to fa',
 We hang our Lugs, and with a Gloom,
 Girp'd at Stock-jobbing ane and a'.
 If ye gang near the *South-Sea House*,
 The Whillywha's will grip ye'r Gear,
 Syne a' the lave will fare the war,
 For our lang bidding here.

Hap me with thy Petticoat.

O Bell! thy Looks have kill'd my Heart,
 I pass the Day in Pain,
 When Night returns I feel the Smart,
 And wish for thee in vain.
 I'm starving cold, while thou art warm,
 Have Pity and incline,
 And grant me for a Hap, that charming
 Petticoat of thine.

My ravish'd Fancy in Amaze,
 Still wanders o'er thy Charms,
 Delusive Dreams ten thousand Ways
 Present thee to my Arms.
 But waking think what I endure,
 While cruel you decline
 Those Pleasures which can only cure
 This panting Breast of mine.

I faint, I fail, and wildly rove,
 Because you still deny
 The just Reward that's due to Love,
 And let true Passion die.
 Oh! turn, and let Compassion seize
 That lovely Breast of thine;
 Thy Petticoat could give me Ease,
 If thou and it were mine.

Sure Heaven has fitted for Delight
 That beauteous Form of thine,
 And thou'rt too good its Law to slight,
 By hindring the Design.
 May all the Pow'rs of Love agree,
 At length to make thee mine,
 Or loose my Chains, and set me free
 From ev'ry Charm of thine.

Love inviting Reason. A Song. The Tune of,--
Chami ma chattle, ne duee skar mi.

WHEN innocent Pastime our Pleasure did
 crown,
 Upon a Green Meadow, or under a Tree,
 Ere Annie became a fine Lady in Town,
 How lovely, and loving, and bonny was she?

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Rouze up thy Reason, my beautifu' *Annie*,
 Let ne'er a new Whim ding thy Fancy a-jee---
 O! as thou art bony, be faithfu' and canny,
 And favour thy *Jamie* wha doats upon thee.

Does the Death of a Lintwhite give *Annie* the Spleen?
 Can tyning of Trifles be uneasy to thee?
 Can Lap-dogs and Monkies draw Tears frae these Een,
 That look with Indifference on poor dying me?
 Rouze up thy Reason, my beautifu' *Annie*,
 And dinna prefer a Paroquet to me;
 O! as thou art bony, be prudent and canny,
 And think on thy *Jamie* wha doats upon thee.

Ah! should a new Manto or *Flanders* Lace Head,
 Or yet a wee Cottie, tho' never sae fine,
 Gar thee grow forgetfu', and let his Heart bleed,
 That anes had some Hope of purchasing thine?
 Rouze up thy Reason, my beautifu' *Annie*.
 And dinna prefer ye'r Fleggeries to me;
 O! as thou art bony, be solid and canny,
 And rent a true Lover that doats upon thee.

Shall a *Paris* Edition of new-fangle *Sany*,
 Tho' gilt o'er with Laces and Fringes he be,
 By adoring himself, be admir'd by fair *Annie*,
 And aim at these Benisons promis'd to me?
 Rouze up thy Reason, my beautifu' *Annie*,
 And never prefer a light Dancer to me;
 O! as thou art bony, be constant and canny,
 Love only thy *Jamie* wha doats upon thee.
 O! think, my dear Charmer, on ilka sweet Hour,
 That slade away saftly between thee and me,
 E'er Squirrels, or Beaus, or Fopp'ry had Power
 To rival my Love, and impole upon thee.

Rouze up thy Reason, my beautifu' *Annie*,
 And let thy Desires be a' center d in me;
 O! as thou art bony, be faithfu' and canny,
 And love him wha's langing to centre in thee.

The Bob of Dumblane.

LASSIE, lend me your braw Hemp Heckle,
 And I'll lend you my thripling Kame;
 For fainness, Deary, I'll gar ye keckle,
 If ye'll go dance the *Bob of Dumblane*.
 Haste ye, gang to the Ground of ye're Trunkies,
 Busk ye braw, and dinna think Shame;
 Consider in Time, if leading of Monkies
 Be better than dancing the *Bob of Dumblane*.

Be frank, my Lassie, lest I grow sickle,
 And take my Word and Offer again,
 Syne ye may chance to repent it meikle,
 Ye didna accept of the *Bob of Dumblane*.
 The Dinner, the Piper, and Priest shall be ready,
 And I'm grown dowy with lying my lane,
 Away then leave baith Minny and Dady,
 And try with me the *Bob of Dumblane*.

*Song, complaining of Absence. Tune, My Apron,
 Deary.*

AH *Chloe*! thou Treasure, thou Joy of my Breast,
 Since I parted from thee, I'm a Stranger to Rest,
 I fly to the Grove, there to languish and mourn,
 There sigh for my Charmer, and long to return.

The

The Yellow-bair'd Laddie.

IN *April*, when Primroses paint the sweet Plain,
And Summer approaching rejoiceth the Swain;
The *Yellow-bair'd Laddie* would often-times go
To Wilds and deep Glens, where the Hawthorn-
trees grow.

There, under the Shade of an old sacred Thorn,
With Freedom he sung his Loves Ev'ning and Morn':
He sang with so fast and enchanting a Sound,
That *Sylvans* and *Fairies* unseen danc'd around.

The Shepherd thus sung, tho' young *Maija* be fair,
Her Beauty is dash'd with a scornfu' proud Air;
But *Susie* was handsome, and sweetly could sing,
Her Breath like the Breezes perfum'd in the Spring.

That *Madie* in all the gay Bloom of her Youth,
Like the Moon was unconstant, and never spoke
Truth:

But *Susie* was faithful, good humour'd and free,
And fair as the Goddess who sprung from the Sea.

That Mama's fine Daughter, with all her great Dowr:
Was awkwardly airy, and frequently sour:
Then, sighing, he wished, would Parents agree,
The witty sweet *Susie* his Mistress might be.

N A N N Y-O.

WHILE some for Pleasures pawn their Health,
'Twixt *Lais* and the *Bagnio*,
I'll save my self, and without Stealth,
Kiss and carefs my Nanny----O.

She

She bids more fair t'engage a *fove*
 Than *Leda* did, or *Danae*---O.
 Were I to paint the Queen of Love,
 None else should sit but *Nanny*--O.

How joyfully my Spirits rise,
 When dancing the moves finely--O,
 I guess what Heaven is by her Eyes,
 Which sparkle so divinely---O.

Attend my Vows, ye Gods, while I
 Breathe in the blest *Britannia*,
 None's Happiness I shall envy,
 As long's ye grant me *Nanny*--O.

C H O R U S.

My bony, bony Nanny--O,
My lovely charming Nanthy--O,
I care not tho' the World know
How dearly I love Nanny--O.

Bony JEAN.

LOVE's Goddess in a Myrtle Grove,
 Said, *Cupid*, bend thy Bow with Speed,
 Nor let the Shaft at random rove,
 For *Jeany's* haughty Heart must bleed.

The smiling Boy, with divine Art,
 From *Paphos* shot an Arrow keen,
 Which flew, unerring, to the Heart,
 And kill'd the Pride of bonny *Jean*.

No more the Nymph, with haughty Air,
 Refuses *Willy's* kind Address;
 Her yielding Blushes shew no Care,
 But too much Fondness to suppress.

No

As down the Burn they took their Way,
 What tender Tales they said !
 His Cheek to hers she aft did lay,
 And with her Bosom play'd ;
 Till baith at length impatient grown,
 To be mair fully blest,
 In yonder Vale they lean'd them down ;
 Love only saw the rest.

What pass'd, I guess, was harmless Play,
 And naithing sure unmeet ;
 For, ganging hame, I heard them say,
 They lik'd a Wa'k sae sweet ;
 And that they aften should return,
 Sic Pleasures to renew.
 Quoth *Mary*, Love, I like the Burn,
 And ay shall follow you.

Song. Tune of, Gilder Roy.

AH! *Chloris*, cou'd I now but sit
 As unconcern'd, as when
 Your Infant Beauty could beget
 No Happiness nor Pain.
 When I this Dawning did admire,
 And prais'd the coming Day,
 I little thought that rising Fire
 Wou'd take my Rest away.

Your Charms in harmless Childhood lay,
 As Metals in a Mine.
 Age from no Face takes more away,
 Than Youth conceal'd in thine:

RAMSAY'S COLLECTION

But as your Charms insensibly
To their Perfection prest;
So Love, as unperceiv'd did fly,
And center'd in my Breast.

My Passion with your Beauty grew,
While *Cupid* at my Heart,
Still as his Mother favour'd you,
Threw a new flaming Dart.
Each glory'd in their wanton Part;
To make a Lover, he
Employ'd the utmost of his Art;---
To make a Beauty, she.

A Song. Tune of, The Yellow-bair'd Laddie.

YE Shepherds and Nymphs that adorn the gay
Plain,

Approach from your Sports, and attend to my Strain;
Amongst all your Number, a Lover so true
Was ne'er so undone, with such Bliss in his View.

Was ever a Nymph so hard-hearted as mine?
She knows me sincere, and she sees how I pine,
She does not disdain me, nor frown in her Wrath,
But calmly and mildly resigns me to Death.

She calls me her Friend, but her Lover denies:
She smiles when I'm chearful, but hears not my
Sighs.

A Bosom so flinty, so gentle an Air,
Inspires me with Hope, and yet bids me despair!
I fall at her Feet, and implore her with Tears:
Her Answer confounds, while her Manner endears;

When

When softly she tells me to hope no Relief,
My trembling Lips blefs her in Spight of my Grief.
By Night while I slumber, still haunted with Care,
I start up in Anguish, and sigh for the Fair:
The Fair sleeps in Peace, may she ever do so!
And only when dreaming imagine my Woe.
Then gaze at a Distance, nor farther aspire,
Nor think she should love whom she cannot admire:
Hush all thy complaining, and dying her Slave,
Commend her to Heaven, and thy self to the Grave.

Song. Tune of, When she came ben she bobed.

COME, fill me a Bumper, my jolly brave Boys,
Let's have no more Female Impert'nence and
Noise;

For I've try'd the Endearments and Pleasures of Love,
And I find they're but Nonsense and Whimsies, by
Jove.

When first of all *Betty* and I were acquaint,
I whin'd like a Fool, and she sigh'd like a Saint:
But I found her *Religion*, her *Face* and her *Love*,
Were *Hypocrisy*, *Paint*, and *Self-interest*, by *Jove*.

Sweet *Cecil* came next with her languishing Air,
Her *Outside* was orderly, modest and fair;
But her *Soul* was *sophisticate*, so was her *Love*,
For I found she was only a *Strumpet*, by *Jove*.

Little double-gilt Jenny's Gold charm'd me at last;
(You know *Marriage and Money together* do best.)
But the *Baggage* forgetting her *Vows* and her *Love*,
Gave her Gold to a *sniv'ling dull Coxcomb*, by *Jove*.

Come fill me a Bumper then, jolly brave Boys;
 Here's a Farewel to Female Impert'nence and Noise:
 I know few of the Sex that are worthy my Love;
 And for *Strumpets* and *Jilts*, I abhor them by *Jove*.

Dumbarton's Drums.

DUMBARTON'S Drums beat bonny--O,
 When they mind me of my dear *Jeany*--O:
 How happy am I,
 When my Soldier is by,
 While he kisses and blesses his *Annie*--O!
 'Tis a Soldier alone can delight me--O,
 For his graceful Looks do invite me--O:
 While guarded in his Arms,
 I'll fear no Wars Alarms,
 Neither Danger nor Death shall e'er fright me--O.
 My Love is a handsome Laddie--O,
 Genteel, but ne'er foppish nor gaudy--O:
 Tho' Commissions are dear,
 Yet I'll buy him one this Year;
 For he shall serve no longer a Cadie--O.
 A Soldier has Honour and Bravery--O,
 Unacquainted with Rogues and their Knavery--O:
 He minds no other Thing
 But the Ladies or the King,
 For ev'ry other Care is but Slavery--O.
 Then I'll be the Captain's Lady--O,
 Farewel all my Friends and my Daddy--O:
 I'll wait no more at home,
 But I'll follow with the Drum,
 And whene'er that beats, I'll be ready--O.

Dumbarton's Drums found bonny--O,
They are sprightly like my dear *Jonny*--O:
How happy shall I be,
When on my Soldier's Knee,
And he kisses and blesses his *Annie*--O!

Auld lang syne.

Should auld Acquaintance be forgot,
Tho' they return with Scars?
These are the noble Hero's Lot,
Obtain'd in glorious Wars:
Welcome, my *VARO*, to my Breast,
Thy Arms about me twine,
And make me once again as blest,
As I was lang syne.

Methinks, around us, on each Bough,
A thousand *Cupids* play,
Whilst thro' the Groves I walk with you,
Each Object makes me gay:
Since your Return, the Sun and Moon
With brighter Beams do shine,
Streams murmur soft Notes while they run,
As they did lang syne.

Despise the Court, and Din of State;
Let that to their Share fall,
Who can esteem such Slav'ry gear,
While bounded like a Ball:
But sunk in Love, upon my Arms
Let your brave Head recline,
We'll please our selves with mutual Charms,
As we did lang syne.

O'er Moor and Dale, with your gay Friend,
 You may pursue the Chase,
 And, after a blyth Blottle, end
 All Cares in my Embrace;
 And in a vacant rainy Day
 You shall be wholly mine!
 We'll make the Hours run smooth away,
 And laugh at lang syne.

The Hero, pleas'd with the sweet Air,
 And Signs of generous Love,
 Which had been utter'd by the Fair,
 Bow'd to the Pow'rs above:
 Next Day, with Consent and glad Haste,
 Th' approach'd the sacred Shrine;
 Where the good Priest the Couple blest,
 And put them out of Pine.

The Last of Livingston.

PAIN'D with her slighting *Jamie's* Love,
Bell dropt a Tear---*Bell* dropt a Tear;
 The Gods descended from above,
 Well pleas'd to hear---Well pleas'd to hear;
 They heard the Praises of the Youth
 From her own Tongue---From her own Tongue;
 Who now converted was to Truth,
 And thus she sung---And thus she sung.
 Blest Days when our ingen'ous Sex,
 More frank and kind---More frank and kind,
 Did not their lov'd Adorers vex;
 But spoke their Mind---But spoke their Mind.
 Repenting now, she promis'd fair,
 Wou'd he return---Wou'd he return,

She

She ne'er again wou'd give him Care,
Or cause him mourn--Or cause him mourn.

Why lov'd I thee, deserving Swain,
Yet still thought Shame,---Yet still thought Shame,
When he my yielding Heart did gain,
To own my Flame--To own my Flame?
Why took I Pleasure to torment,
And seem too coy--And seem too coy?
Which makes me now alas! lament
My slighted Joy---My slighted Joy.

Ye Fair, while Beauty's in its Spring,
Own your Desire--Own your Desire,
While Love's young Pow'r with his soft Wing
Fans up the Fire--Fans up the Fire:
O do not with a silly Pride,
Or low Design---Or low Design,
Refuse to be a happy Bride,
But answer plain--But answer plain.
Thus the fair Mourner wail'd her Crime
With flowing Eyes---With flowing Eyes.
Glad *Jamie* heard her all the Time,
With sweet Surprise--With sweet Surprise.
Some God had led him to the Grove;
His Mind unchang'd---His Mind unchang'd,
Flew to her Arms, and cry'd, My Love,
I am reveng'd---I am reveng'd!

Peggy, I must love thee.

AS from a Rock past all Relief,
The shipwrackt *Colin* spying
His native Soil, o'ercome with Grief,
Half sunk in Waves, and dying:

With the next Morning Sun he spies
 A Ship, which gives unhop'd Surprise ;
 Now Life springs up, he lifts his Eyes
 With Joy, and waits her Motion.

So when by her whom long I lov'd,
 I scorn'd was, and deserted,
 Low with Despair my Spirits mov'd,
 To be for ever parted :
 Thus droop'd I, till diviner Grace
 I found in *Peggy's* Mind and Face ;
 Ingratitude appear'd then base,
 But Virtue more engaging.

Then now, since happily I've hit,
 I'll have no more Delaying ;
 Let Beauty yield to manly Wit,
 We lose our selves in staying :
 I'll haste dull Courtship to a Close,
 Since Marriage can my Fears oppose ;
 Why should we happy Minutes lose,
 Since, *Peggy*, I must love thee ?

Men may be foolish, if they please,
 And deem't a Lover's Duty,
 To sigh, and sacrifice their Ease,
 Doating on a proud Beauty :
 Such was my Case for many a Year,
 Still Hope succeeding to my Fear ;
 False *Betty's* Charms now disappear,
 Since *Peggy's* far out-shine them.



Bessy Bell and Mary Gray.

O Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,
They are twa bonny Lassies,
They bigg'd a Bower on yon Burn-brae,
And theek'd it o'er wi' Ralhes.
Fair Bessy Bell I loo'd yestreen,
And thought I ne'er cou'd alter;
But Mary Gray's twa pawky Ecu
They gar my Fancy falter.

Now Bessy's Hair's like a Lint-tap;
She smiles like a May Morning;
When Phæbus starts frae Thetis Lap,
The Hills with Rays adorning:
White is her Neck, fast is her Hand,
Her Waste and Feet's fu' genty;
With ilka Grace she can command;
Her Lips, O wow! they're dainty.

And Mary's Locks are like a Crow,
Her Eyes like Diamonds glances;
She's ay sae clean redd up and braw,
She kills whene'er she dances:
Blyth as a Kid, with Wit at Will,
She blooming, tight and tall is;
And guides her Airs sae gracefu' still,
O Jove! she's like thy Pallas.

Dear Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,
Ye unco fair oppress us;
Our Fancies jee between ye twa
Ye are sic bouny Lassies:

Wae's me! for baith I canna get,
 To aye by Law we're stented;
 Then I'll draw Cuts, and take my Fate,
 And be with aye contented.

I'll never leave thee.

J O N N Y.

TH O' for seven Years and mair, Honour should
 reave me,
 To Fields where Cannons rair, thou need na grieve
 thee:
 For deep in my Spirits thy Sweets are indented;
 And Love shall preserve ay what Love has imprinted.
 Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee,
 Gang the Warld as it will, Dearest, believe me.

N E L L Y.

O *Jonny*, I'm jealous whene'er ye discover
 My Sentiments yielding, ye'll turn a lose Rover;
 And nought i' the Warld wad vex my Heart fairer,
 If you prove unconstant, and fancy aye fairer.
 Grieve me, grieve me, oh it wad grieve me!
 A' the lang Night and Day, if you deceive me.

J O N N Y.

My *Nelly*, let never sic Fancies oppress ye,
 For, while my Blood's warm, I'll kindly carefs ye:
 Your blooming fast Beauties first beeted Love's Fire,
 Your Virtue and Wit make it ay flame the higher.
 Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee,
 Gang the Warld as it will, Dearest, believe me.

N E L L Y.

N E L L Y.

Then, *Jonny*, I frankly this Minute allow ye
To think me your Mistress, for Love gars me trow ye;
And gin ye prove fause, to ye'r sell be it said then,
Ye'll win but sma' Honour to wrang a kind Maiden.
Reave me, reave me! Heavens it wad reave me
Of my Rest Night and Day, if ye deceive me!

J O N N Y.

Bid Iceshogles hammer red Gauds on the Studdy,
And fair Simmer Mornings nae mair appear ruddy:
Bid *Britons* think ae Gate, and when they obey ye,
But never till that Time, believe I'll betray ye.
Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee;
The Starns shall gang withershins ere I deceive thee.

My Deary, if thou die.

L O V E never mair shall give me Pain,
My Fancy's fix'd on thee;
Nor ever Maid my Heart shall gain,
My *Peggy*, if thou die.
Thy Beauties did such Pleasures give,
Thy Love's so true to me:
Without thee I shall never live,
My Deary, if thou die.

If Fate shall tear thee from my Breast,
How shall I lonely stray?
In dreary Dreams the Night I'll waste,
In Sighs the silenr Day.

I ne'er

I ne'er can so much Virtue find,
Nor such Perfection see:
Then I'll renounce all Woman-kind,
My *Peggy*, after thee.

No new-blown Beauty fires my Heart
With *Cupid's* raving Rage,
But thine which can such Sweetness impart,
Must all the World engage.
'Twas this that like the Morning Sun
Gave Joy and Life to me;
And when it's destin'd Day is done,
With *Peggy* let me die.

Ye Pow'rs that smile on virtuous Love,
And in such Pleasures share;
You who its faithful Flames approve
With Pity view the Fair.
Restore my *Peggy's* wonted Charms,
Those Charms so dear to me;
Oh! never rob them from those Arms:
I'm lost, if *Peggy* die.

Auld Rob Morris.

Mither. **A**ULD *Rob Morris* that wins in yon
Glen,

He's the King of good Fellows, and Wale of all Men,
Has fourscore of black Sheep, and fourscore too;
Auld Rob Morris is the Man ye maun loo.

Doughter. Ha'd your Tongue *Mither*, and let that
abec,

For his Eild and my Eild can never agree:
They'll never agree, and that will be seen;
For he is Fourscore, and I'm but Fifteen.

Mither. Ha'd

Mither. Ha'd your Tongue, Doughter, and lay by
your Pride,
For he's be the Bridegroom, and ye's be the Bride;
He shall ly by your Side, and kifs ye too,
Auld Rob Morris is the Man ye maun loo.

Doughter. *Auld Rob Morris* I ken him fou well,
His A----- it sticks out like ony Pect-creel,
He's out-thinn'd, in-kneed, and ringle-eye'd too;
Auld Rob Morris is the Man I'll ne'er loo.

Mither. Tho' *auld Rob Morris* be an e'derly Man,
Yet his *auld Brads* it will buy a new Pan;
Then, Doughter, ye shoudna be sae ill to thoo,
For *auld Rob Morris* is the Man ye maun loo.

Doughter. But *auld Rob Morris* I never will hae,
His Back is sae stiff, and his Beard is grown gray:
I had rither die, than live wi' him a Year;
Sae mair of *Rob Morris* I never will hear.

Song. Tune of, *Come kifs with me, come clap
with me, &c.*

Peggy. MY *Jocky* blyth for what thou hast done,
There is nae Help nor mending;
For thou hast jogg'd me out of Tune,
For a' thy fair pretending.
My *Mither* sees a Change on me,
For my Complexion daises,
And this, alas! has been with thee
Sae late amang the Rashes.

Jocky. My *Peggy*, what I've said I'll do,
To free thee frae her Scouling;
Come then, and let us buckle to,
Nae langer let's be fooling:

For

For her Content I'll instant wed,
 Since thy Complexion dashes;
 And then well try a Feather-bed,
 'Tis faster than the Rashes.

Peggy. Then, *Jocky*, since thy Love's sae true,
 Let Mither scoul, I'm easy:
 Sae lang's I live I ne'er shall rue
 For what I've done to please thee.
 And there's my Hand Ise ne'er complain:
 O! well's me on the Rashes;
 Whene'er thou likes, I'll do't again,
 And a Feg for a' their Clashes.

Song. Tune of, *Roth's Lament*; or, *Pinky-house*.

AS *Sylvia* in a Forest lay
 To vent her Woe alone;
 Her Swain *Sylvander* came that Way,
 And heard her dying Moan.
 Ah! is my Love (he said) to you
 So worthless and so vain:
 Why is your wonted Fondness now
 Converted to Disdain?

You vow'd the Light should Darkness turn,
 E'er you'd exchange your Love;
 In Shades now may Creation mourn,
 Since you unfaithful prove.
 Was it for this I Credit gave
 To ev'ry Oath you swore?
 But ah! it seems they most deceive,
 Who most our Charms adore.

'Tis

'Tis plain your Drift was all Deceit,
The Practice of Mankind ;
Alas ! I see it but too late,
My Love had made me blind.
For you, delighted, I could die :
But oh ! with Grief I'm fill'd,
To think that cred'lous constant I
Should by your self be kill'd.

This said,---- all breathless, sick and pale,
Her Head upon her Hand,
She found her vital Spirits fail,
And Senses at a Stand.

Sylvander then began to melt :
But ere the Word was given,
The heavy Hand of Death she felt,
And sigh'd her Soul to Heaven.

The young Laird and Edinburgh Katie.

NOW wat ye wha I met yestreen,
Coming down the Street, my Jo ?
My Mistress in her Tartan Screen,
Fow bony, braw, and sweet, my Jo.
My Dear, quoth I, Thanks to the Night,
That never wish'd a Lover ill,
Since ye're out of your Mither's Sight,
Let's take a Wauk up to the Hill.

O *Katie*, wiltu gang wi' me,
And leave the dinfome Town a while ;
The Blossom's sprouting frae the Tree,
And a' the Summer's gawn to smile :

The

'Tis

The Mavis, Nightingale and Lark,
 The bleating Lambs and whistling Hynd,
 In ilka Dale, Green, Shaw and Park,
 Will nourish Health and glad ye'r Mind.

Soon as the clear Goodman of Day
 Bends his Morning Draught of Dew,
 We'll gae to some Burn-side and play,
 And gather Flowers to busk ye'r Brow.
 We'll pow the Daisies on the Green,
 The lucken Gowans frae the Bog;
 Between Hands now and then we'll lean,
 And sport upo' the Velvet Fog.

There's up into a pleasant Glen,
 A wee Piece frae my Father's Tower,
 A canny, fast and flow'ry Den,
 Which circling Birks have form'd a Bower:
 Whene'er the Sun grows high and warm,
 We'll to the cauler Shade remove,
 There will I lock thee in mine Arm,
 And love and kifs, and kifs and love.

Katie's Answer.

MY Mither's ay glowran o'er me,
 Tho' she did the same before me;
 I canna get leave
 To look to my Looove,
 Or else she'll be like to devour me.
 Right fain wad I take ye'r Offer,
 Sweet Sir, but I'll tine my Tocher;
 Then, *Sandy*, ye'll fret,
 And wyte ye'r poor *Kate*,
 Whene'er ye keek in your toom Coffer.

For tho' my Father has Plenty
Of Siller and Plenishing dainty,
Yet he's unco sweer
To twin wi' his Gear;
And fae we had need to be tenty.
Tutor my Parents wi' Caution,
Be wylie in ilka Motion;
Brag well o' ye'r Land,
And there's my leal Hand,
Win them, I'll be at your Devotion.

My Jo Janet.

SWEET Sir, for your Courtesie,
When ye come by the *Bafs* then,
For the Love ye bear to me,
Buy me a Keeking-glass then.
Keek into the Draw-well,
Janet, Janet;
And there ye'll see ye'r bonny sell,
My Jo Janet.

Keeking in the Draw-well clear,
What if I shot'd fa' in?
Syne a' my Kin will say and swear,
I drown'd my sell for Sin.
Had the better be the Brae,
Janet, Janet;
Had the better be the Brae,
My Jo Janet.

Good Sir, for your Courtesie,
Coming through *Aberdeen* then,
For the Love ye bear to me,
Buy me a Pair of Shoon then.

66 RAMSAY'S COLLECTION

*Clout the auld, the new are dear,
Janet, Janet;
Ae Pair may gain ye haiff a Year,
My Jo Janet.*

*But what if dancing on the Green,
And skipping like a Mawking,
If they shou'd see my clouted Shoon,
Of me they will be tauking?
Dance ay laigh, and late at E'en,
Janet, Janet;
Syn'e a' their Faunts will no be seen,
My Jo Janet.*

*Kind Sir, for your Courtesie,
When ye gae to the Cross then,
For the Love ye bear to me,
Buy me a pacing Horse then.
Pace upo' your Spinning-wheel,
Janet, Janet;
Pace upo' your Spinning-wheel,
My Jo Janet.*

*My Spinning-wheel is auld and stiff,
The Rock o't winna stand, Sir;
To keep the Temper-pin in tiff,
Employs aft my Hand, Sir.
Make the best o't that ye can,
Janet, Janet;
But like it never wale a Man,
My Jo Janet.*

Song. Tune of, John Anderson my Jo.

WHAT means this Niceness now of late,
Since Time that Truth does prove?
Such Distance may consist with State,
But never will with Love,

'Tis

'Tis either Cunning or Disdain
That does such Ways allow;
The first is base, the last is vain:
May neither happen you.

For if it be to draw me on,
You over-act your Part;
And if it be to have me gone,
You need not ha' that Art:
For if you chance a Look to cast,
That seems to be a Frown,
I'll give you all the Love that's past,
The rest shall be my own.

MARY SCOT.

HAPPY's the Love which meets Return,
When in soft Flames Souls equal burn;
But Words are wanting to discover
The Torments of a hopeless Lover.
Ye Registers of Heav'n, relate,
If looking o'er the Rolls of Fate,
Did you there see me mark'd to marrow
Mary Scot the Flower of *Yarrow*?

Ah no! her Form's too heavenly fair,
Her Love the Gods above must share;
While Mortals with Despair explore her,
And at a Distance due adore her.
O lovely Maid! my Doubts beguile,
Revive and bless me with a Smile:

Alas! if not, you'll soon debar a
Sighing Swain the Banks of *Yarrow*,
Be hush, ye Fears, I'll not despair,
My *Mary*'s tender as she's fair;

Then I'll go tell her all mine Anguish:
 She is too good to let me languish:
 With Success crown'd, I'll not envy
 The Folks who dwell above the Sky;
 When *Mary Scot's* become my Marrow,
 Well make a Paradise on *Yarrow*.

O'er Bogie.

I *Will awa' wi' my Love,*
I will awa' wi' her,
Tho' a' my Kin had sworn and said,
I'll o'er Bogie wi' her.

If I can get but her Consent,
 I dinna care a Strae;
 Tho' ilka ane be discontent,
 Awa' wi' her I'll gae.
I will awa', &c.

For now she's Mistris of my Heart,
 And wordy of my Hand,
 And well I wat we shanna part
 For Siller or for Land.
 Let Rakes delight to swear and drink,
 And Beaus admire fine Lacc,
 But my chief Pleasure is to blink
 On *Betty's* bony Face.
I will awa', &c.

There a' the Beauties do combine,
 Of Colour, Treats and Air,
 The Saul that sparkles in her Een
 Makes her a Jewel rare:

Her flowing Wit gives shining Life
To a' her other Charms;
How blest I'll be when she's my Wife,
And lockt up in my Arms!
I will awa', &c.

There blythly will I rant and sing,
While o'er her Sweets I range,
I'll cry, your humble Servant, King,
Shamefa' them that wa'd change.
A Kiss of *Betty*, and a Smile,
Abcit ye wad lay down
The Right ye hae to *Britain's Isle*,
And offer me ye'r Crown.
I will awa', &c.

O'er the Moor to Maggy.

AND I'll o'er the Moor to *Maggy*,
Her Wit and Sweetness call me,
Then to my Fair I'll show my Mind,
Whatever may befall me.
If the love Mirth, I'll learn to sing,
Or likes the Nine to follow,
I'll lay my Lugs in *Pindus' Spring*,
And invoke *Apollo*.
If she admire a martial Mind,
I'll sheathe my Limbs in Armour;
If to the softer Dance inclin'd,
With gayest Airs I'll charm her:
If she love Grandeur, Day and Night
I'll plot my Nation's Glory,
Find Favour in my Prince's Sight,
And shine in future Story.

70 RAMSAY'S COLLECTION

Beauty can Wonders work with Ease,
 Where Wit is corresponding;
 And bravest Men know best to please,
 With Complaisance abounding.
 My bonny *Maggy's* Love can turn
 Me to what Shape she pleases,
 If in her Breast that Flame shall burn,
 Which in my Bosom blazes.

Polwart on the Green.

AT *Polwart on the Green*
 If you'll meet me the Morn,
 Where Lasses do convene.

To dance about the Thorn,
 A kindly Welcome you shall meet
 Frae her wha likes to view
 A Lover and a Lad complear,
 The Lad and Lover you.

Let dorty Dames say *Na*,
 As lang as e'er they please,
 Seem caulder than the Sna'
 While inwardly they bleez;
 But I will frankly shaw my Mind,
 And yield my Heart to thee;
 Be ever to the Captive kind,
 That langs na to be free.

At *Polwart* on the Green,
 Amang the new-mawn Hay,
 With Sangs and Dancing keen
 We'll pass the heartsome Day:

*At Night, if Beds be o'er thrang laid,
And thou be twin'd of thine,
Thou shalt be welcome, my dear Lad,
To take a Part of mine.*

John Hay's bony Lassie.

By smooth winding *Tay* a Swain was reclining,
Aft cry'd he, Oh hey! maun I still live pining
My fell thus away, and darna discover
To my bony *Hay* that I am her Lover?

Nae mair it will hide, the Flame waxes stronger;
If the's not my Bride, my Days are nae langer:
Then I'll take a Heart, and try at a Venture,
May be, e'er we part, my Vows may content her.

She's fresh as the Spring, and sweet as *Aurora*,
When Birds mount and sing, bidding Day a Good-
morrow:

The Sward of the Mead, enamell'd with Daisies,
Look wither'd and dead, when twin'd of her Graces.

But if she appear where Verdures invite her,
The Fountains run clear, and Flowers smell the
sweeter:

'Tis Heaven to be by, when her Wit is a flowing,
Her Smiles and bright Eye set my Spirits a glowing.

The mair that I gaze, the deeper I'm wounded;
Struck dumb with Amaze, my Mind is confounded:
I'm all in a Fire, dear Maid to care's ye,
For a' my Desire is *Hay's* bony Lassie.

Katharine Ogie.

AS walking forth to view the Plain,
 Upon a Morning early,
 While *May's* sweet Scent did chear my Brain,
 From Flowers which grow so rarely:
 I chanc'd to meet a pretty Maid,
 She shin'd, tho' it was fogie;
 I ask'd her Name: Sweet Sir, she said,
 My Name is *Katharine Ogie*.

I stood a while and did admire
 To see a Nymph so stately;
 So brisk an Air there did appear
 In a Country-maid so neatly:
 Such natural Sweetness she display'd,
 Like a Lillie in a Bogie;
Diana's self was ne'er array'd
 Like this same *Katharine Ogie*.

Thou Flower of Females, Beauty's Queen,
 Who sees thee, sure must prize thee:
 Tho' thou art drest in Robes but mean,
 Yet these cannot disguise thee:
 Thy handsome Air, and graceful Look,
 Far excels any clownish Roguie,
 Thou'rt Match for Laird, or Lord, or Duke,
 My charming *Katharine Ogie*.

O were I but some Shepherd-Swain!
 To feed my Flock beside thee,
 At Boughting-time to leave the Plain,
 In milking to abide thee;

I'd

I'd think my self a happier Man,
 With *Kate*, my Club, and Dogie,
 Than he that hugs his Thousands ten,
 Had I but *Katharine Ogie*.

Then I'd despise th' Imperial Throne,
 And Statesmens dangerous Stations:
 I'd be no King, I'd wear no Crown,
 I'd smile at conquering Nations:
 Might I caress and still possess
 This Lass, of whom I'm vogie;
 For these are Toys, and still look less,
 Compar'd with *Katharine Ogie*.

But I fear the Gods have not decreed
 For me so fine a Creature,
 Whose Beauty rare makes her exceed
 All other Works in Nature;
 Clouds of Despair surround my Love,
 That are both dark and fogie:
 Pity my Case ye Powers above,
 Else I die for *Katharine Ogie*.

Ann thou were my ain Thing.

OF Race divine thou needs must be,
 Since nothing earthly equals thee;
 For Heaven's Sake, Oh! favour me,
 Who only lives to love thee.

*Ann thou were my ain Thing,
 I wou'd love thee, I wou'd love thee;
 Ann thou were my ain Thing,
 How dearly wou'd I love thee!*

The

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The Gods one Thing peculiar have,
To ruine none whom they can save;
O! for their Sake, support a Slave,
Who only lives to love thee.

Ann thou were, &c.

To Merit I no Claim can make,
But that I love, and for your Sake,
What Man can name I'll undertake,
So dearly do I love thee.

Ann thou were, &c.

My Passion, constant as the Sun,
Flames stronger still, will ne'er have done,
Till Fates my Threed of Life have spun,
Which breathing out, I'll love thee.

Ann thou were, &c.

Like Bees that suck the Morning Dew
Frae Flowers of sweetest Scent and Hew,
Sae wad I dwell upo' thy Mou,
And gar the Gods envy me.

Ann thou were, &c.

Sae lang's I had the Use of Light,
I'd on thy Beauties feast my Sight,
Syne in fast Whispers through the Night,
I'd tell how much I loo'd thee.

Ann thou were, &c.

How fair and ruddy is my Jean?
She moves a Goddess o'er the Green:
Were I a King, thou shou'd be Queen,
Nane but my fell aboon thee.

Ann thou were, &c.

I'd grasp thee to this Breast of mine,
 Whilst thou, like Ivy, or the Vine,
 Around my stronger Limbs shou'd twine,
 Form'd hardy to defend thee.

Ann thou were, &c.

Time's on the Wing, and will not stay,
 In shining Youth let's make our Hay,
 Since Love admits of nae Delay,
 O let nae Scorn undo thee.

Ann thou were, &c.

While Love does at his Altar stand,
 Hae there's my Heart, gi'e me thy Hand,
 And with ilk Smile thou shalt command
 The Will of him wha loves thee.

Ann thou were, &c.

There's my Thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.

MY sweetest May, let Love incline thee,
 T'accept a Heart which he designs thee;
 And, as your constant Slave, regard it,
 Syne for its Faithfulness reward it;
 'Tis Proof a-shot to Birth or Money,
 But yields to what is sweet and bony;
 Receive it then with a Kiss and a Smily,
 There's my Thumb it will ne'er beguile ye.

How tempting sweet these Lips of thine are!
 Thy Bosom white, and Legs sae fine are,
 That when in Pools I see thee clean 'em,
 They carry away my Heart between 'em.
 I wish, and I wish, while it gaes duntin,
 O gin I had thee on a Mountain!

Theo

Tho' Kith and Kin and a' shou'd revile thee,
There's my Thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.

Alane through flow'ry Hows I dander,
Tenting my Flocks lest they shou'd wander,
Gin thou'll gae alang, I'll dawt thee gaylie,
And gi'e my Thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.
O my dear Lassie, it is but daffin,
To had thy Woer up ay niff naffin.
That Na, na, na, I hate it most vilely,
O say, Yes, and I'll ne'er beguile thee.

For the Love of Jean.

JOCKY said to *Jeany*, *Jeany*, wilt thou do't?
Ne'er a Fir, quo' *Jeany*, for my Tocher-good,
For my Tocher-good, I winna marry thee.
E'ens ye like, quo' *Jocky*, ye may let it be.

I ha' Gowd and Gear, I ha' Land enough,
I ha' seven good Owsen ganging in a Pleugh,
Ganging in a Pleugh, and linking o'er the Lee,
And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.

I ha' a good Ha' House, a Barn and a Byer,
A Stack afore the Door, I'll make a rantin Fire;
I'll make a rantin Fire, and merry shall we be;
And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.

Jeany said to *Jocky*, gin ye winna tell,
Ye shall be the Lad, I'll be the Lafs my sell,
Ye're a bony Lad, and I'm a Lassie free,
Ye're welcomer to tak me, than to let me be.

Song.

Song. Tune of, Peggy I must love thee.

Beneath a Beech's grateful Shade
 Young *Colin* lay complaining;
 He sigh'd, and seem'd to love a Maid,
 Without Hopes of obtaining;
 For thus the Swain indulg'd his Grief,
 Tho' Pity cannot move thee,
 Tho' thy hard Heart gives no Relief,
 Yet *Peggy*, I must love thee.

Say, *Peggy* what has *Colin* done,
 That thus you cruelly use him?
 If Love's a Fault, 'tis that alone
 For which you should abuse him;
 'Twas thy dear self first rais'd this Flame,
 This Fire by which I languish;
 'Tis thou alone can quench the same,
 And cool its scorching Anguish.

For thee I leave the sportive Plain,
 Where every Maid invites me;
 For thee, sole Cause of all my Pain,
 For thee that only slights me:
 This Love that fires my faithful Heart
 By all but thee's commended;
 Oh! would thou act so good a Part,
 My Grief might soon be ended.

That beauteous Breast, so soft to feel,
 Seem'd Tenderness all over,
 Yet it defends thy Heart like Steel,
 'Gainst thy despairing Lover.

Alas!

Alas! tho' it should ne'er relent,
 Nor Colin's Care e'er move thee,
 Yet till Life's latest Breath is spent,
 My Peggy I must love thee.

*Genty Tibby and sonfy Nelly. To the Tune of,
 Tibby Fowler in the Glen.*

TIBBY has a Store of Charms,
 Her genty Shape our Fancy warms;
 How strangely can her sma' white Arms
 Fetter the Lad who looks but at her;
 Frae 'er Ankle to her slender Waste,
 These Sweets conceal'd invite to dawt her;
 Her rosy Cheek, and rising Breast,
 Gar ane's Mouth gush bowt fu' o' Water.

*Nelly's gawfy, fast and gay,
 Fresh as the lucken Flowers in May;
 Ilk ane that sees her, crys, Ah bey!*
She's bonny! O I wonder at her.
 The Dimples of her Chin and Cheek,
 And Limbs sae plump invite to dawt her;
 Her Lips sae sweet, and Skin sae sleek,
 Gar mony Mouths beside mine water.

Now strike my Finger in a Bore,
 My Wyson with the Maiden shore,
 Gin I can tell whilk I am for,
 When these twa Stars appear thegither.
 O Love! why dost thou gi'e thy Fires
 Sae large, while we're oblig'd to neither?
 Our spacious Sauls immense Desires,
 And ay be in a hankerin Swither.

Tibby's

*Tibby's
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Ha'e

Tibby's Shape and Airs are fine,
And Nelly's Beauties are divine:
But since they canna baith be mine,
Ye Gods, give Ear to my Petition.
Provide a good Lad for the tane,
But let it be with this Provision,
I get the other to my lane,
In Prospect *plano* and Fruition.

Up in the Air.

NOW the Sun's gane out o' Sight,
Beet the Ingle, and snuff the Light:
In Glens the Fairies skip and dance,
And Witches wallop o'er to *France*.

Up in the Air

On my bonny grey Mare,
And I see her yet, and I see her yet.

Up in, &c.

The Wind's drifting Hail and Sna',
O'er frozen Hags, like a Foot-ba';
Nae Starns keek through the Azure Slit,
'Tis cauld, and mirk as ony Pit.

The Man i' the Moon

Is carousing aboon;

D' ye see, d' ye see, d' ye see him yet?

The Man, &c.

Take your Glass to clear your Een,
'Tis the Elixir heals the Spleen,
Baith Wit and Mirth it will inspire,
And gently puffs the Lover's Fire.

Up in the Air,

It drives away Care;

Ha'e wi' ye, ha'e wi' ye, ha'e wi' ye, Lads yet.

Up in, &c.

Steele

Steek the Doors, keep out the Frost;
 Come, *Willie*, gie's about ye'r Tost;
 Til't Lads, and lilt it out,
 And let us ha'e a blythsome Bout.
 Up wi't there, there,
 Dinna cheat, but drink fair:
 Huzza, huzza, huzza, and huzza, Lads, yet.
 Up wi't, &c.

Fy gar rub her o'er wi' Strae.

GIN ye meet a bonny Lassie,
 Gie her a Kiss, and let her gae;
 But if ye meet a dirty Hussy,
 Fy gar rub her o'er wi' Strae.
 Be sure ye dinna quat the Grip
 Of ilka Joy, when ye are young,
 Before auld Age your Vitals nip,
 And lay ye twafald o'er a Rung.
 Sweet Youth's a blyth and heartsome Time;
 Then, Lads and Lasses, while 'tis *May*,
 Gae pu' the Gowan in its Prime,
 Before it wither and decay.
 What the fast Minutes of Delyte,
 When *Jenny* speaks beneath her Breath,
 And kisses, laying a' the Wyte
 On you, if she kepp ony Skaith.
 Haith ye're ill-bred, she'll smiling say,
 Ye'll worry me, ye greedy Rook;
 Syne frae your Arms she'll rin away,
 And hide herself in some dark Nook.
 Her Laugh will lead you to the Place,
 Where lies the Happiness ye want,
 And plainly tell you to your Face,
 Nineteen Na-fays are haff a Grant

Now

Now to her heaving Bosom cling,
And sweetly toolie for a Kifs:
Frae her fair Finger whoop a Ring,
As Taiken of a future Blifs.

These Bennifons, I'm very sure,
Are of the Gods indulgent Grant:
Then, furly Carles, whiisht forebear
To plague us with your whinning Cant.

Patie and Peggy.

Patie. **B**Y the delicious Warmness of thy Mouth,
And rowling Eye, which smiling tells
the Truth,

I guess, my Lassie, that as well as I,
You're made for Love, and why should ye deny?

Peggy. But ken ye, Lad, gin we confels o'er soon,
Ye think us cheap, and syne the Wooing's done.
The Maiden that o'er quickly tines her Pow'r,
Like unripe Fruit, will taste but hard and sowre.

Patie. But when they hing o'er lang upon the Tree,
Their Sweetness they may tine, and sae may ye:
Red-checked you compleatly ripe appear,
And I have thol'd and woo'd a lang haff Year.

Peggy. Then dinna pu' me; gently thus I fa'
Into my *Patie's* Arms for good and a':
But stint your Wishes to this frank Embrace,
And mint nae farther till we've got the Grace.

Patie. O charming Armsfu'! Hence, ye Cares, away,
I'll kifs my Treasure a' the live lang. Day;
A' Night I'll Dream my Kisses o'er again,
Till that Day come that ye'll be a' my ain.

G

C H O

C H O R U S.

*Sun, gallop down the Westlin Skies,
Gang soon to Bed, and quickly rise;
O! lash your Steeds, post Time away,
And haste about our Bridal Day:
And if ye're weary'd, honest Light,
Sleep, gin ye like, a Week that Night.*

The Mill, Mill---O.

Beneath a green Shade I fand a fair Maid,
Was sleeping sound and still---O;
A' lowan wi' Love, my Fancy did rove
Around her with good Will---O:
Her Bosom I prest; but sunk in her Rest,
She stir'dna my Joy to spill---O:
While kindly she slept, close to her I crept,
And kiss'd, and kiss'd her my Fill---O.

Oblig'd by Command in *Flanders* to land,
T' employ my Courage and Skill---O,
Frae'er quietly I staw, hoist Sails and awa,
For Wind blew fair on the Bill---O.
Twa Years brought me hame, where loud-fraising
Fame
Tald me with a Voice right shill---O,
My Lafs, like a Fool, had mounted the Stool,
Nor kend wha had done her the Ill---O.

Mair fond of her Charms, with my Son in her Arms,
I ferlying speer'd how she fell---O.
Wi' the Tear in her Eye, quoth she, let me die,
Sweet Sir, gin I can tell---O.

Love

Love gave the Command, I took her by the Hand,
And bad her a' Fears expell---O,
And nae mair look wan, for I was the Man
Wha had done her the Deed my fell---O.

My bonny sweet Lafs on the gowany Grass,
Beneath the *Shilling-hill*---O,
If I did Offence, I'll make ye Amends
Before I leave *Peggy's Mill*---O.
O the Mill, Mill---O, and the *Kill, Kill*---O,
And the cogging of the *Wheel*---O ;
The Sack and the Sieve, a' that ye maun leave,
And round with a Sodger reel---O.

*Colin and Grisy parting. Tune of, Woe's my Heart
that we should sunder.*

WITH broken Words and down-cast Eyes,
Poor *Colin* spoke his Passion tender ;
And, parting with his *Grisy*, cries,
Ah! woe's my Heart that we should sunder.

To others I am cold as Snow,
But kindle with thine Eyes like Tinder :
From thee with Pain I'm forc'd to go ;
It breaks my Heart that we should sunder.

Chain'd to thy Charms, I cannot range,
No Beauty new my Love shall hinder,
Nor Time nor Place shall ever change
My Vows, tho' we're oblig'd to sunder.

The Image of thy graceful Air,
And Beauties which invite our Wonder,
Thy lively Wit, and Prudence rare,
Shall still be present, tho' we sunder.

Dear Nymph, believe thy Swain in this,
 You'll ne'er engage a Heart that's kinder;
 Then seal a Promise with a Kiss,
 Always to love me, tho' we sunder.

Ye Gods, take Care of my dear Lads,
 That as I leave her I may find her:
 When that blest Time shall come to pass,
 We'll meet again, and never sunder.

The Gaberlunzie-man.

THE pauky auld Carle came o'er the Lee,
 Wi' mony Good-e'ens and Days to me,
 Saying, Goodwife, for your Courtesie,
 Will ye lodge a silly poor Man?
 The Night was cauld, the Carle was war,
 And down ayont the Ingle he sat;
 My Daughter's Shoulders he 'gan to clap,
 And cadgily ranted and sang.

O wow! quo' he, were I as free,
 As first when I saw this Country,
 How blyth and merry wad I be!

And I wad never think lang.
 He grew canty, and she grew fain;
 But little did her auld Minny ken
 What thir sleet twa togither were say'n,
 When wooing they were sae thrang.

And O! quo' he, ann ye were as black,
 As e'er the Crown of my Dady's Hat,
 'Tis I wad lay thee by my Back,

And awa' wi' me thou shou'd gang.
 And O! quoth she, ann I were as white
 As e'er the Snaw lay on the Dike,
 I'd clead me braw, and Lady like,
 And awa' with thee I'd gang.

Between

Between the twa was made a Plot,
 They rise a-wee before the Cock,
 And wilily they shot the Lock,
 And fast to the Bent are they gane.
 Up the Morn the auld Wife raise,
 And at her Leisure pat on her Claife;
 Syne to the Servants Beds she gaes,
 To speer for thy silly poor Man.

She gaed to the Bed where the Beggar lay,
 The Strae was cauld, he was away,
 She clapp'd her Hands, cry'd, Waladay,
 For some of our Gear will be gane.
 Some ran to Coffers, and some to Kists,
 But nought was stown that cou'd be mist,
 She danc'd her lane, cry'd, Praise be blest,
 I have lodg'd a leal poor Man.

Since naithing's awa', as we can learn,
 The Kirn's to kirn, and Milk to earn,
 Gae butt the House, Lafs, and waken my Bairn.
 And bid her come quickly ben.
 The Servant gade where the Daughter lay,
 The Sheets were cauld, she was away,
 And fast to her Goodwife can say,
 She's aff with the Gaberlunzie-man.

O fy gar ride, and fy gar rin,
 And haste ye find these Traitors again,
 For she's be burnt, and he's be slain,
 The wearifu' Gaberlunzie-man.
 Some rade upo' Horse, some ran a fit,
 The Wife was wood, and out o' her Wit;
 She cou'd na gang, nor yet cou'd she sit,
 But ay the curs'd and the bann'd.

Mean time far hind out o'er the Lee,
 Fu' snug in a Glen, where nane cou'd see,
 The twa, with kindly Sport and Glee,

Cut frae a new Cheese a Whang :
 The Priving was good, it pleas'd them baith,
 To lo'e her for ay, he ga'e her his Aith.
 Quo' she, to leave thee I will be laith,
 My winsome Gaberlunzie-man.

O kend my Minny I were wi' you,
 Illfardly wad she crook her Mou,
 Sic a poor Man she'd never trow,
 After the Gaberlunzie-man.
 My Dear, quo' he, ye're yet o'er young,
 And ha' na learn'd the Beggars Tongue,
 To follow me frae Town to Town,
 And carry the Gaberlunzie on.

Wi' Cauk and Keel I'll win your Bread,
 And Spindles and Whorles for them wha need,
 Whilk is a gentle Trade indeed,
 To carry the Gaberlunzie---O.
 I'll bow my Leg, and crook my Knee,
 And draw a black Clout o'er my Eye,
 A Cripple or blind they will ca' me,
 While we shall be merry, and sing.

The Cordial. Tune, Where shall our Goodman ly?

He. **W**HERE wad bonny Anne ly,
 Alane nae mair ye maun ly;
 Wad ye a Goodman try?
 Is that the Thing ye're laking?

She. Can

She. Can a Lafs fae young as I
Venture on the Bridal Tie,
Syne down with a Goodman ly?
I'm flee'd he keep me wauking.

He. Never judge until ye try,
Mak me your Goodman, I
Shanna hinder you to ly,
And sleep till ye be weary.

She. What if I shou'd wauking ly,
When the Hoboys are gawn by,
Will ye tent me when I cry,
My Dear, I'm faint and iry?

He. In my Bosom thou shall ly,
When thou waukrift art or dry,
Healthy Cordial standing by
Shall presently revive thee.

She. To your Will I then comply,
Join us, Priest, and let me try
How I'll wi' a Goodman ly
Wha can a Cordial give me.

Ew-Bughts Marion.

WILL ye go to the Ew-bughts, *Marion*,
And wear in the Sheep wi' me?
The Sun shines sweet, my *Marion*,
But nae haff fae sweet as thee.
O *Marion's* a bonny Lafs,
And the blyth Blinks in her Eye;
And fain wad I marry *Marion*,
Gin *Marion* wad marry me.

There's Gowd in your Garters, *Marion*;
 And Silk on your white Hauſe-bane;
 Fu' fain wad I kit's my *Marion*
 At E'en when I come hame.
 There's braw Lads in *Earnſlaw*, *Marion*,
 Wha gape, and glowr with their Eye,
 At Kirk when they ſee my *Marion*;
 But nane of them lo'es like me.
 I've nine Milk-ews, my *Marion*,
 A Cow and a brawny Quey,
 I'll gi'e them a' to my *Marion*,
 Juſt on her Bridal Day;
 And ye's get a green Sey Apron,
 And Waſtcot of the *London* brown,
 And wow but ye will be vap'ring,
 Whene'er ye gang to the Town.
 I'm young and ſtout, my *Marion*;
 Nane dances like me on the Green;
 And gin ye forſake me, *Marion*,
 I'll e'en gae draw up wi' *Jean*:
Sae put on your Pearlins, *Marion*,
 And Kyrle of the Cramſie;
 And ſoon as my Chin has nae Hair on,
 I thall come Weſt, and ſee ye.

The blythſome Bridal.

FY let us a' to the Bridal,
 For there will be liking there;
 For *Jocky's* to be married to *Maggie*,
 The Laſs wi' the Gowden Hair.
 And there will be Lang-kail and Pottage,
 And Bannocks of Barley-meal;

And

And there will be good sawt Herring,
To relish a Cog of good Ale.

Fy let us a' to the Bridal, &c.

And there will be *Saney* the Sutor,
And *Will* wi' the meikle Mou;
And there will be *Tam* the Blutter,
With *Andrew* the Tinkler, I trow;
And there will be bow'd-legged *Robbie*,
With thumbless *Katie's* Goodman;
And there will be blue-cheeked *Dowbie*,
And *Lawrie* the Laird of the Land.

Fy let us, &c.

And there will be Sow-libber *Patie*,
And plucky-fac'd *Wat* i' the Mill,
Capper-nos'd *Francie*, and *Gibbie*
That wins in the How of the Hill;
And there will be *Alaster Sibbie*,
Wha in with black *Bessy* did mool,
With snivelling *Lilly* and *Tibby*,
The Lafs that stands aft on the Stool.

Fy let us, &c.

And *Madge* that was buckled to *Steenie*,
And coft him gray Breeks to his Arse,
Wha after was hangit for stealing,
Great Mercy it happen'd nae warfe:
And there will be gleed *Geordy Fanners*,
And *Kirsh* with the Lilly-white Leg,
Wha gade to the South for Manners,
And bang'd up her Wame in *Mons-meg*.

Fy let us, &c.

And there will be *Juden Macklawrie*,
And blinkin daft *Barbara Mackleg*,
Wi' flae-lugged sharny-fac'd *Lawrie*,
And shangy-mou'd halucket *Meg*.

And

And there will be happier-ars'd *Nansy*,
 And fairy-fac'd *Flowrie* by Name,
 Muck *Madie*, and fat-hippit *Grisy*,
 The Lafs wi' the Gowden Wame.
Fy let us, &c.

And there will be girn-again *Gibbie*,
 With his glakit Wife *Jenny Bell*,
 And Misse-shin'd *Mungo Mackapie*,
 The Lad that was Skipper himsel.
 There Lads and Lasses in Pearlings,
 Will feast in the Heart of the Ha',
 On Sybows, and Rifarts, and Carlings,
 That are baith sodden and raw.
Fy let us, &c.

And there will be Fadges and Brachen,
 With Fouth of good Gabbocks of Skate,
 Powfowdy, and Drammock, and Crowdy,
 And caller Nowt Feet in a Plate.
 And there will be Partans and Buckies,
 And Whyteus and Speldings enew,
 With singed Sheep-heads, and a Haggies,
 And Scadlips to soup till ye spew.
Fy let us, &c.

And there will be lapper Milk Kebbucks,
 And Sowens, and Farles, and Baps:
 With Swars, and well scraped Paunches,
 And Brandy in Stoups and in Caps:
 And there will be Meal-kail and Castocks,
 With Skink to soup till ye rive,
 And Roasts to roast on a brander,
 Of Flowks that were taken alive.
Fy let us, &c.

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Among the Crowd *Amyntor* came,
 He look'd, he lov'd, he bow'd to *Annie* ;
 His rising Sighs express his Flame,
 His Words were few, his Wishes many.
 With Smiles the lovely Maid reply'd,
 Kind Shepherd, why should I deceive ye ?
 Alas! your Love must be deny'd,
 This destin'd Breast can ne'er relieve ye.

Young *Damon* came with *Cupid's* Art,
 His Wyles, his Smiles, his Charms beguiling,
 He stole away my Virgin Heart;
 Cease, poor *Amyntor*, cease bewailing.
 Some brighter Beauty you may find,
 On yonder Plain the Nymphs are many;
 Then chuse some Heart thar's unconfin'd,
 And leave to *Damon* his own *Annie*.

The Collier's bonny Lassie.

THE Collier has a Daughter,
 And O! she's wonder bonny ;
 A Laird he was that fought her,
 Rich baith in Lands and Money :
 The Tutors watch'd the Motion
 Of this young honest Lover ;
 But Love is like the Ocean ;
 Wha can its Depth discover ?
 He had the Art to please ye,
 And was by a' respected ;
 His Airs sat round him easy,
 Genteel, but unaffected.
 The Collier's bonny Lassie,
 Fair as the new-blown Lillie,
 Ay sweet, and never saucy,
 Secur'd the Heart of *Willy*.

He

He lov'd beyond Expression
 The Charms that were about her,
 And panted for Possession,
 His Life was dull without her.
 After mature resolving,
 Close to his Breast he held her,
 In fastest Flames dissolving,
 He tenderly thus told her.

My bonny Collier's Daughter,
 Let naithing discompose ye,
 'Tis no your scanty Tocher
 Shall ever gar me lose ye:
 For I have Gear in Plenty,
 And Love says 'tis my Duty
 To ware what Heaven has lent me
 Upon your Wit and Beauty.

Where Helen lies. To ----- in Mourning.

AH! why those Tears in Nelly's Eyes?
 To hear thy tender Sighs and Cries,
 The Gods stand list'ning from the Skies,
 Pleas'd with thy Piety.
 To mourn the Dead, dear Nymph, forbear,
 And of one dying take a Care,
 Who views thee as an Angel fair,
 Or some Divinity.

O! be less graceful, or more kind,
 And cool this Fever of my Mind,
 Caus'd by the Boy severe and blind;
 Wounded I sigh for thee;

While

While hardly dare I hope to rise
To such a Height by *Hymen's* Ties,
To lay me down where *Helen* lies,
And with thy Charms be free.

Then must I hide my Love and die,
When such a sovereign Cure is by?
No; she can love, and I'll go try,
Whate'er my Fate may be,
Which soon I'll read in her bright Eyes,
With those dear Agents I'll advise,
They'll tell the Truth when Tongues tell Lies,
The least believ'd by me.

Song. Tune of, Gallowshiels.

AH! the Shepherd's mournful Fate,
When doom'd to love, and doom'd to languish,
To bear the scornful Fair-one's Hate,
Nor dare disclose his Anguish.
Yet eager Looks and dying Sighs,
My secret Soul discover,
While Rapture trembling thro' mine Eyes,
Reveals how much I love her.
The tender Glance, the redning Cheek,
O'erspread with rising Blushes,
A thousand various Ways they speak
A thousand various Wishes.

For oh! that Form so heavenly fair,
Those languid Eyes so sweetly smiling,
That artless Blush, and modest Air,
So fatally beguiling.
Thy every Look, and every Grace,
So charm whene'er I view thee;

ing.

While

THE

Till Death o'ertake me in the Chase,
 Still will my Hopes pursue thee.
 Then when my tedious Hours are past,
 Be this last Blessing given,
 Low at thy Feet to breathe my last,
 And die in Sight of Heaven.

To L M. M. Tune of, *Rantin roaring Willie.*

O *Mary!* Thy Graces and Glances,
 Thy Smiles so enchantingly gay,
 And Thoughts so divinely harmonious,
 Clear Wit and good Humour display.
 But say not thou'lt imitate Angels
 Ought farrer, tho' scarcely, ah me!
 Can be found equalizing thy Merit
 A Match amongst Mortals for thee.

Thy many fair Beauties shed Fires
 May warm up ten thousand to Love,
 Who despairing, may fly to some other,
 While I may despair, but ne'er rove.
 What a Mixture of Sighing and Joys
 This distant adoring of thee
 Gives to a fond Heart too aspiring,
 Who loves in sad Silence like me?

Thus looks the poor Beggar on Treasure,
 And shipwreck'd on Landskips on Shore:
 Be still more divine, and have Pity;
 I die soon as Hope is no more.
 For, *Mary*, my Soul is thy Captive,
 Nor loves, nor expects to be free;
 Thy Beauties are Fetters delightful,
 Thy Slavery's a Pleasure to me.

This

This is no mine ain House.

THIS is not mine ain House,
 I ken by the Rigging o't;
 Since with my Love I've changed Vows,
 I dinna like the Bigging o't.
 For now that I'm young *Robie's* Bride,
 And Mistress of his Fire-side,
 Mine ain House I'll like to guide,
 And please me with the triggung o't.

Then farewel to my Father's House,
 I gang where Love invites me;
 The strictest Duty this allows,
 When Love with Honour meets me.
 When *Hymen* moulds us into ane,
 My *Robie's* nearer than my Kin,
 And to refuse him were a Sin,
 Sae lang's he kindly treats me.

When I'm in mine ain House,
 True Love shall be at hand ay,
 To make me still a prudent Spouse,
 And let my Man command ay;
 Avoiding ilka Cause of Strife,
 The common Pest of married Life,
 That makes ane wearied of his Wife,
 And breaks the kindly Band ay.

Fint a Crum of thee she saws.

Return hameward, my Heart, again,
 And bide where thou was wont to be,
 Thou art a Fool to suffer Pain
 For Love of aue that loves not thee:

H

My

This

My Heart, let be sic Fantasie,
 Love only where thou hast good Cause;
 Since Scorn and liking ne'er agree,
 The fint a crum of thee she faws.

To what Effect should thou be thrall?
 Be happy in thine ain free Will.
 My Heart, be never beastial,
 But ken who does thee Good or Ill:
 At hame with me then tarry still,
 And see wha best can play their Paws,
 And let the Filly sling her Fill,
 For fint a crum of thee she faws.

Tho' the be fair, I will not fenzie,
 She's of a Kind with many mae;
 For why, they are a Felon menzie
 That seemeth good, and are not sae.
 My Heart, take neither Sturt nor Wae
 For *Meg*, for *Marjory*, or *Mause*,
 But be thou blyth, and let her gae,
 For fint a crum of thee she faws.

Remember how that *Medea*
 Wild for a Sight of *Jason* yied;
 Remember how young *Cressida*
 Left *Troilus* for *Diomed*;
 Remember *Helen*, as we read,
 Brought *Troy* from Bliss unto bair Waws:
 Then let her gae where she may speed,
 For fint a crum of thee she faws.

Because she said I took it ill,
 For her Depart my Heart was fair,
 But was beguil'd; gae where she will,
 Beshrew the Heart that first takes Care:

But be thou merry late and air,
 This is the final End and Clause,
 And let her feed and fooly fair,
 For fint a Crum of thee the faws.
 Ne'er dunt again within my Breast,
 Ne'er let her Sights thy Courage spill,
 Nor gie a Sob, altho' the finest,
 She's fairest paid that gets her Will.
 She gecks as gif I mean'd her ill,
 When the glaicks paughty in her Braws;
 Now let her snirt and fyke her fill,
 For fint a Crum of thee the faws.

To Mrs. E. C. Tune of, Sae merry as we have been.

NOW *Phæbus* advances on high,
 Nae Footsteps of Winter are seen;
 The Birds carrol sweet in the Sky,
 And Lambkins dance Reels on the Green.
 Thro' Plantings, by Burnies sae clear,
 We wander for Pleasure and Health,
 Where Buddings and Blossoms appear,
 Giving Prospects of Joy and Wealth.

View ilka gay Scene all around,
 That are, and that promise to be;
 Yet in them a' naithing is found,
 Sae perfect, *Eliza*, as thee.
 Thy Een the clear Fountains excell,
 Thy Locks they out-rival the Grove;
 When Zephyrs those pleasingly swell,
 Ilk Wave makes a Captive to love.

The Roses and Lillies combin'd,
 And Flow'rs of maist delicate Hue,
 By thy Cheek and dear Breasts are out-shin'd,
 Their Tinctures are naithing sae true.
 What can we compare with thy Voice ?
 And what with thy Humour sae sweet ?
 Nae Musick can bless with sic Joys ;
 Sure Angels are just sae complete.

Fair Blossom of ilka Delight,
 Whose Beauties ten thousand out-shine ;
 Thy Sweets shall be lasting and bright,
 Being mixt with sae many divine.
 Ye Pow'rs who have given sic Charms
 To *Eliza*, your Image below,
 O save her frae all human Harms !
 And make her Hours happily flow.

My Dady forbad, my Minny forbad.

WHEN I think on my Lad,
 I sigh and am sad,
 For now he is far frae me.
 My Dady was harsh,
 My Minny was warse,
 That gart him gae yont the Sea,
 Without an Estate,
 That made him look blate ;
 And yet a brave Lad is he.
 Gin sae he come Hame,
 In spite of my Dame,
 He'll ever be welcmoe to me.

Love speers nae Advice
 Of Parents o'er wise,

That



That hawe but ae Bairn, like me,
 That looks upon Cash,
 As naithing but Trash,
 That shackles what should be free.
 And tho' my dear Lad
 Not ae Penny had,
 Since Qualities better has he ;
 Abeit I'm an Heirefs,
 I think it but fair is,
 To love him, since he loves me.

Then, my dear *Jamie*,
 To thy kind *Jeanie*,
 Haste, haste thee in o'er the Sea,
 To her wha can find
 Nae Ease in her Mind,
 Without a blyth Sight of thee.
 Tho' my Dady forbad,
 And my Minny forbad,
 Forbidden I will not be ;
 For since thou alone
 My Favour hast won,
 Nane else shall e'er get it for me.

Yet them I'll not grieve,
 Or without their Leave,
 Gi'e my Hand as a Wife to thee :
 Be content with a Heart
 That can never desert,
 Till they cease to oppose, or be.
 My Parents may prove
 Yet Friends to our Love,
 When our firm Resolves they see ;
 Then I with Pleasure
 Will yield up my Treasure,
 And a' that Love orders to thee.

Song. Tune of, Steer her up, and bad her gawn.

O Steer her up, and had her gawn,
Her Mither's at the Mill, Jo;
But gin she winna tak a Man,
E'en let her tak her Will, Jo.
Pray thee, Lad, leave filly thinking,
Cast thy Cares of Love away;
Let's our Sorrows drown in drinking,
'Tis Daffin langer to delay.

See that shining Glas of Claret,
How invitingly it looks;
Take it aff, and let's have mair o't,
Pox on Fighting, Trade and Books.
Let's have Pleasure while we're able,
Bring us in the meikle Bowl,
Plac't on the Middle of the Table,
And let Wind and Weather growl.

Call the Drawer, let him fill it
Fou as ever it can hold:
O tak tint ye dinna spill it,
'Tis mair precious far than Gold.
By you've drunk a Dozen Bumpers,
Bacchus will begin to prove,
Spite of *Venus* and her *Mumpers*,
Drinking better is than Love.

Clout the Caldron.

HAVE you any Pots or Pans,
Or any broken Chandlers:
I am a Tinkler to my Trade,
And newly come frae *Flanders*.

As

As scant of Siller as of Grace,
Disbanded, we've a Bad-run;
Gar tell the Lady of the Place,
I'm come to clout her Caldron.

Fa adrie, didle, didle, &c.

Madam, if you have Wark for me,
I'll do't to your Contentment,
And dinna care a single Flie
For any Man's Resentment;
For, Lady fair, tho' I appear
To every ane a Tinkler,
Yet to your sell I'm bauld to tell,
I am a gentle Jinker.

Fa adrie, didle, didle, &c.

Love *Jupiter* into a Swan
Turn'd, for his lovely *Leda*;
He like a Bull o'er Meadows ran,
To carry aff *Europa*.
Then may not I, as well as he,
To chear your *Argos* blinker,
And win your Love like mighty *Jove*,
Thus hide me in a Tinkler.

Fa adrie, didle, didle, &c.

Sir, ye appear a cunning Man,
But this fine Plot you'll fail in,
For there is neither Pot nor Pan
Of mine you'll drive a Nail in;
Then bind your Budget on your Back,
And Nails up in your Apron,
For I've a Tinkler under Tack
That's us'd to clout my Caldron.

Fa adrie, didle, didle, &c.

The Malt-Man.

THE Malt-Man comes on *Munday*,
 He craves wonder fair,
 Cries, *Dame, come gi'e me my Siller,*
Or Malt ye sall ne'er get mair.
 I took him into the Pantry,
 And gave him some good Cock-broo,
 Syne paid him upon a Gantree,
 As Hostler Wives should do.

When Malt-Men come for Siller,
 And Gaugers with Wands o'er soon,
 Wives, tak them a' down to the Cellar,
 And clear them as I have done.
 This Bewith, when Cunzie is scanty,
 Will keep them frae making Din,
 The Knack I learn'd frae an auld Aunty,
 The snackest of a' my Kin.

The Malt-Man is right cunning,
 But I can be as slye,
 And he may crack of his winning,
 When he clears Scores with me:
 For come when he likes, I'm ready,
 But if frae hame I be,
 Let him wait on our kind Lady,
 She'll answer a Bill for me.

Bonny Bessy. Tune of, Bessy's Haggies.

BESSY's Beauties shine sae bright,
 Were her many Vertues fewer,
 She wad ever give Delight,
 And in Transport make me view her.

Bonny

Bonny *Bessy*, thee alane,
 Love I, naithing else about thee;
 With thy Comelinefs I'm tane,
 And langer cannot live without thee.

Bessy's Bosom's fast and warm,
 Milk-white Fingers still employ'd.
 He who takes her to his Arm,
 Of her Sweets can ne'er be cloy'd.
 My dear *Bessy*, when the Roses
 Leave thy Cheek, as thou grows aulder,
 Vertue, which thy Mind discloses,
 Will keep Love frae growing caulder.

Bessy's Tocher is but scanty,
 Yet her Face and Soul discovers
 These enchanting Sweets in Plenty,
 Must intice a thousand Lovers.
 It's not Money, but a Woman
 Of a Temper kind and easy,
 That gives Happinefs uncommon,
 Petted Things can nought but teeze ye.

Omnia vincit Amor.

AS I went forth to view the Spring
 Which *Flora* had adorned
 In Raiment fair; now every Thing
 The Rage of Winter scorned:
 I cast mine Eye, and did espy
 A Youth, who made great Clamor;
 And drawing nigh, I heard him cry,
 Ah! *Omnia vincit amor.*

Upon

Upon his Breast he lay along,
 Hard by a murm'ring River,
 And mournfully his doleful Song
 With Sighs he did deliver,
 Ah! *Jeany's* Face and comely Grace,
 Her Locks that shine like Lammer,
 With burning Rays have cut my Days;
 For *Omnia vincit amor*.

Her glancy Een like Comets sheen,
 The Morning Sun out-shining,
 Have caught my Heart in *Cupid's* Net,
 And make me die with Pining.
 Durst I complain, Nature's to blame,
 So curiously to frame her,
 Whose Beauties rare make me with Care
 Cry, *Omnia vincit amor*.

Ye Chrystal Streams that swiftly glide,
 Be Partners of my mourning,
 Ye fragrant Fields and Meadows wide,
 Condemn her for her scorning:
 Let every Tree a Witness be,
 How justly I may blame her;
 Ye chanting Birds note these my Words,
 Ah! *Omnia vincit amor*.

Had she been kind as she was fair,
 She long had been admir'd,
 And been ador'd for Vertues rare,
 Wh' of Life now makes me tir'd.
 Thus said, his Breath begun to fail,
 He cou'd not speak, but stammer;
 He sigh'd full sore, and said no more,
 But *Omnia vincit amor*.

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When I observ'd him near to Death,
 I run in Haste to save him,
 But quickly he resign'd his Breath,
 So deep the Wound Love gave him.
 Now for her Sake this Vow I'll make,
 My Tongue shall ay defame her,
 While on his Herse I'll write this Verse,
 Ah! *Omnia vincit amor.*

Straight I consider'd in my Mind
 Upon the Matter rightly,
 And found, tho' *Cupid* he be blind,
 He proves in Pith most mighty.
 For warlike *Mars*, nor thund'ring *Jove*,
 And *Vulcan* with his Hammer,
 Did ever prove the Slaves of Love,
 For *Omnia vincit amor.*

Hence we may see th' Effects of Love,
 Which Gods and Men keep under,
 That nothing can his Bonds remove,
 Or Torments break asunder :
 Nor Wise nor Fool need go to School,
 To learn this from his Grammar,
 His Heart's the Book where he's to look,
 For *Omnia vincit amor.*

The auld Wife beyont the Fire.

THERE was a Wife won'd in a Glen,
 And she had Daughters nine or ten,
 That sought the House baith but and ben,
 To find their Mam a Snishing.

The auld Wife beyont the Fire,

The auld Wife aniest the Fire,

The auld Wife aboon the Fire,

She died for lack of Snishing.

Hcr

Her Mill into some Hole had fawn,
 Whatrecks, quoth she, let it be gawn,
 For I maun ha'e a young Goodman
 Shall furnish me with Snishing.
The auld Wife, &c.

Her eldest Dochter said right bauld,
 Fy, Mother, mind that now ye're auld,
 And if ye with a Yonker wald,
 He'll waste away your Snishing.
The auld Wife, &c.

The youngest Dochter ga'e a Shour,
 O Mother dear! your Teeth's a' out,
 Besides haff blind, you have the Gour,
 Your Mill can had nae Snishing.
The auld Wife, &c.

Ye lied, ye Limmers, cries auld Mump,
 For I hae baith a Tooth and Stump,
 And will nae langer live in Dump,
 By wanting of my Snishing.
The auld Wife, &c.

Thole ye, says Peg, that pauky Slut,
 Mother, if you can crack a Nut,
 Then we will a' consent to it,
 That you shall have a Snishing.
The auld Wife, &c.

The auld ane did agree to thar,
 And they a Pistol Bullet gar;
 She powerfully began to crack,
 To won hersell a Snishing.
The auld Wife, &c.

Braw Sport it was to see her chow't,
And 'tween her Gums sae squeez and row't,
While frae her Jaws the Slaver flow'd;
And ay she curs'd poor Stumpy.
The auld Wife, &c.

At last she ga'e a desperate Squeez,
Which brak the lang Tooth by the Necz,
And syne poor Stumpy was at Ease,
But she tint Hopes of Snishing.
The auld Wife, &c.

She of the Task began to tire,
And frae her Dochters did retire,
Syne lean'd her down ayont the Fire,
And died for lack of Snishing.
The auld Wife, &c.

Ye auld Wives notice well this Truth,
As soon as ye're past Mark of Mouth,
Ye'er do what's only fit for Youth,
And leave off Thoughts of Snishing;
*Use like this Wife beyont the Fire,
Ye're Bairns against ye will conspire;
Nor will ye get, unless ye bide,
A young Man with your Snishing.*

☞ *Note*, Snishing in its literal Meaning is Suuff
made of Tobacco; but in this Song it means some-
times Contentment, a Husband, Love, Money, &c.

I'll never love thee more.

MY dear and only Love, I pray,
That little World of thee,
Be govern'd by no other Sway,
But purest Monarchy :
For if Confusion have a Part,
Which virtuous Souls abhor,
I'll call a Synod in my Heart,
And never love thee more.

As *Alexander* I will reign,
And I will reign alone,
My Thoughts did evermore disdain
A Rival on my Throne.
He either fears his Fate too much,
Or his Deserts are small,
Who dares not put it to the Touch,
To gain or lose it all.

But I will reign, and govern still,
And always give the Law,
And have each Subject at my Will,
And all to stand in aw :
But 'gainst my Batteries if I find
Thou storm, or vex me sore,
As if thou set me as a Blind,
I'll never love thee more.

And in the Empire of thy Heart,
Where I should solely be,
If others do pretend a Part,
Or dares to share with me :
Or Committees if thou erect,
Or go on such a Score,
I'll smiling mock at thy Neglect,
And never love thee more.

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But if no faithless Action stain
 Thy Love and constant Word,
 I'll make thee famous by my Pen,
 And glorious by my Sword.
 I'll serve thee in such noble Ways,
 As ne'er was known before;
 I'll deck and crown thy Head with Bays,
 And love thee more and more.

The Black Bird.

UPON a fair Morning for soft Recreation,
 I heard a fair Lady was making her Moan.
 With Sighing and Sobbing, and sad Lamentation.
 Saying, my *Black Bird* most Royal is flown.
 My Thoughts they deceive me,
 Reflections do grieve me,
 And I am o'er-burthen'd with sad Misery;
 Yet if Death shou'd blind me,
 As true Love inclines me,
 My *Black Bird* I'll seek out, wherever he be.

Once into fair *England* my *Black Bird* did flourish,
 He was the chief Flower that in it did spring.
 Prime Ladies of Honour his Person did nourish,
 Because he was the true Son of a King:
 But since that false Fortune,
 Which still is uncertain,
 Has caused this parting between him and me,
 His Name I'll advance
 In *Spain* and in *France*,
 And seek out my *Black Bird*, wherever he be.

112 RAMSAY'S COLLECTION

The Birds of the Forest all met together,
 The Turtle has chosen to dwell with the Dove;
 And I am resolv'd in foul or fair Weather,
 Once in the Spring to seek out my Love.
 He's all my Heart's Treasure,
 My Joy and my Pleasure;
 And justly (my Love) my Heart follows thee,
 Who art constant and kind,
 And courageous of Mind.
 All Bliss on my *Black Bird*, wherever he be.

In *England* my *Black Bird* and I were together,
 Where he was still noble, and generous of Heart.
 Ah! Woe to the Time that first he went thither,
 Alas! he was forc'd soon thence to depart.
 In *Scotland* he's deem'd,
 And highly esteem'd,
 In *England* he seemeth a Stranger to be;
 Yet his Fame shall remain
 In *France* and in *Spain*.
 All Bliss to my *Black Bird*, wherever he be.

What if the Fowler my *Black Bird* has taken,
 Then Sighing and Sobbing will be all my Tune;
 But if he is safe, I'll not be forsaken,
 And hope yet to see him in *May* or in *June*.
 For him through the Fire,
 Through Mud and through Mire,
 I'll go; for I love him to such a Degree,
 Who is constant and kind,
 And noble of Mind,
 Deserving all Blessings, wherever he be.

It is not the Ocean can fright me with Danger,
 Nor tho' like a Pilgrim I wander forlorn,
 I may meet with Friendship of one is a Stranger,
 More than of one that in *Britain* is born.
 I pray Heaven, so spacious,
 To *Britain* be gracious,
 Tho' some there be odious to both him and me,
 Yet Joy and Renown,
 And Lawrels shall crown
 My *Black Bird* with Honour wherever he be.

Take your auld Cloak about you.

IN Winter when the Rain rain'd cauld,
 And Frost and Snaw on ilka Hill,
 And *Boreas*, with his Blasts sae bauld,
 Was threat'ning a' our Ky to kill:
 Then *Bell* my Wife, wha loves na Strife;
 She said to me right hastily,
 Get up, Goodman, save *Cromie's* Life,
 And tak your auld Cloak about ye.

My *Cromie* is an useful Cow,
 And she is come of a good Kyne;
 Aft has she wet the Bairns Mou,
 And I am laith that she shou'd tyne;
 Get up, Goodman, it is fou Time,
 The Sun shines in the Lift sae hie;
 Sloth never made a gracious End,
 Go tak your auld Cloak about ye.

My Cloak was anes a good gray Cloak,
 When it was fitting for my wear;
 But now it's scanty worth a Groar,
 For I have worn't this thirty Year;

Let's spend the Gear that we have won,
 We little ken the Day we'll die:
 Then I'll be proud, since I have sworn
 To have a new Cloak about me.

In Days when our King *Robert* rang,
 His Trews they cost but haff a Crown;
 He said they were a Groat o'er dear,
 And call'd the Taylor Thief and Loun.
 He was the King that wore a Crown;
 And thou the Man of laigh Degree,
 'Tis Pride puts a' the Country down,
 Sae tak thy auld Cloak about thee.

Every Land has its ain Laugh,
 Ilk kind of Corn it has its Hool,
 I think the Warld is a' run wrang,
 When ilka Wife her Man wad rule;
 Do ye not see *Rob*, *Fock* and *Hab*,
 As they are girded gallantly,
 While I sit harklen in the Ase;
 I'll have a new Cloak about me.

Goodman I wate 'tis thirty Years,
 Since we did ane anither ken;
 And we have had between us twa
 Of Lads and bonny Lassies ten:
 Now they are Women grown and Men,
 I wish and pray well may they be;
 And if you prove a good Husband,
 E'en tak your auld Cloak about ye.

Bell, my Wife, she loves na Strife;
 But she wad guide me, if she can,
 And to maintain an easy Life,
 I aft maun yield tho' I'm Goodman:

Nought's

Nought's to be won at Woman's Hand,
 Unless ye give her a' the Plea;
 Then I'll leave aff where I began,
 And tak my auld Cloak about me.

*The Quadruple Alliance. Tune of, JOCKY blyth
 and gay.*

SWIFT, Sandy, Young, and Gay,
 Are still my Heart's Delight,
 I sing their Sangs by Day,
 And read their Tales at Night.
 If frae their Books I be,
 'Tis Dullness then with me;
 But when these Stars appear,
 Jokes, Smiles and Wit shine clear.

Swift with uncommon Stile,
 And Wit that flows with Ease,
 Instructs us with a Smile,
 And never fails to please.
 Bright Sandy greatly sings
 Of Heroes, Gods and Kings:
 He well deserves the Bays,
 And ev'ry Briton's Praise.

While thus our *Homer* shines;
 Young, with *Horatian* Flame,
 Corrects these false Designs
 We push in Love of Fame.
 Blyth Gay in pawky Strains,
 Makes Villains, Clowns and Swains
 Reprove, with biting Leer,
 Those in a higher Sphere.

Swift, Sandy, Young, and Gay,
 Long may you give Delight;
 Let all the *Dunces* bray,
 You're far above their Spite:
 Such, from a Malice four,
 Write Nonsense, lame and poor,
 Which never can succeed,
 For, who the Trash will read?

To Clarinda. *A Song, Tune of, I wish my Love
 were in a Mire.*

BLEST as th' immortal Gods is he,
 The Youth who fondly sits by thee,
 And bears and sees thee all the while,
 Softly speak and sweetly smile, &c.
 So spoke and smil'd the eastern Maid;
 Like thine, Seraphick were her Charms,
 That in *Circassia's* Vineyards stray'd,
 And blest the wisest Monarch's Arms.

A thousand Fair of high Desert,
 Strave to enchant the amorous King;
 But the *Circassian* gain'd his Heart,
 And taught the Royal Bard to sing.
Clarinda thus our Sang inspires,
 And claims the smooth and highest Lays,
 But while each Charm our Bosom fires,
 Words seem too few to sound her Praise.

Her Mind in ev'ry Grace complete,
 To paint surpasses human Skill:
 Her Majesty, mixt with the Sweet,
 Let Seraphs sing her, if they will.

Whilst

Whilst wond'ring, with a ravish'd Eye,
 We all that's perfect in her View,
 Viewing a Sister of the Sky,
 To whom an Adoration's due.

A Song. Tune of, Lochaber no more.

Farewel to *Lochaber*, and farewell my *Jeany*,
 Where heartsome with thee I've mony Day been;
 For *Lochaber* no more, *Lochaber* no more,
 We'll may be return to *Lochaber* no more.
 These Tears that I shed, they are a' for my Dear,
 And no for the Dangers attending on Weir;
 Tho' bore on rough Seas to a far bloody Shore,
 May be to return to *Lochaber* no more.

Tho' Harrycanes rise, and rise ev'ry Wind,
 They'll ne'er make a Tempest like that in my Mind.
 Tho' loudest of Thunder on louder Waves roar,
 That's naithing like leaving my Love on the Shore.
 To leave thee behind me, my Heart is fair pain'd,
 By Ease that's inglorious no Fame can be gain'd:
 And Beauty and Love's the Reward of the Brave,
 And I must deserve it before I can crave.

Then Glory, my *Jeany*, maun plead my Excuse,
 Since Honour commands me, how can I refuse?
 Without it I ne'er can have Merit for thee,
 And without thy Favour I'd better not be.
 I gae then, my Lass, to win Honour and Fame,
 And if I should luck to come gloriously Hame,
 I'll bring a Heart to thee with Love running o'er,
 And then I'll leave thee and *Lochaber* no more.

The auld Goodman.

LATE in an Evening forth I went,
 A little before the Sun gade down,
 And there I chanc'd by Accident,
 To light on a Battle new begun.
 A Man and his Wife was fawn in a Strife,
 I canna well tell ye how it began;
 But ay she wail'd her wretched Life,
 And cry'd ever, alake! my auld Goodman.

He. Thy auld Goodman that thou tells of,
 The Country kens where he was born,
 Was but a silly poor Vagabond,
 And ilka ane leugh him to Scorn;
 For he did spend, and make an End
 Of Gear that his Fore-fathers wan,
 He gart the Poor stand frae the Door,
 Sae tell me nae mair of thy auld Goodman.

She. My Heart, alake! is liken to break,
 When I think on my winsome *John*,
 His blinkan Eye and Gate sae free,
 Was naithing like thee, thou dofsend Drone.
 His rosie Face and flaxen Hair,
 And a Skin as white as ony Swan,
 Was large and tall, and comely withal,
 And thou'lt never be like my auld Goodman.

He. Why dost thou pleen? I thee maintain,
 For Meal and Mawt thou disna want;
 But thy Wild Bees I canna please,
 Now when our Gear 'gins to grow scant.

Of

Of Household-Stuff thou hast enough,
 Thou wants for neither Pot nor Pan;
 Of siclike Ware he left thee bare,
 Sae tell nae mair of thy auld Goodman.

She. Yes I may tell, and fret my fell,
 To think on these blyth Days I had,
 When he and I together lay
 In Arms into a well made Bed.
 But now I sigh, and may be sad,
 Thy Courage is cauld, thy Colour wan,
 Thou falds thy Feet, and fa's asleep,
 And thou'lt ne'er be like my auld Goodman.

Then coming was the Night sae dark,
 And gane was a' the Light of Day;
 The Carle was fear'd to miss his Mark,
 And therefore wad nae langer stay,
 Then up he gat, and he ran his Way,
 I trow the Wife the Day she wan,
 And ay the O'erwood of the Fray
 Was ever, *Alake! my auld Goodman.*

Song. Tune of, *Valiant Jocky.* On a beautiful,
 but very young Lady.

BEauty from Fancy takes its Arms,
 And ev'ry common Face some Breast may move,
 Some in a Look, a Shape, or Air find Charms,
 To justify their Choice, or boast their Love.
 But had the great *Apelles* seen that Face,
 When he the *Cyprian* Goddess drew,
 He had neglected all the Female Race,
 Thrown his first *Venus* by, and copy'd you.

In that Design,
 Great Nature would combine
 To fix the Standard of her sacred Coin;
 The charming Figure had enhanc'd his Fame,
 And Shrines been rais'd to *Seraphina's* Name.

But since no Painter e'er could take
 That Face, which baffles all his curious Art;
 And he that strives the bold Attempt to make,
 As well might paint the Secrets of the Heart.
 O happy Glass, I'll thee prefer,
 Content to be like thee inanimate,
 Since only to be gaz'd on thus by her,
 A better Life and Motion would create:
 Her Eyes would inspire,
 And like *Prometheus' Fire*,
 At once inform the Piece and give Desire,
 The charming Phantom I would grasp and flie
 O'er all the Orb, tho' in that Moment die.

Let meaner Beauties fear the Day,
 Whose Charms are fading, and submit to Time;
 The Graces which from them it steals away,
 It with a lavish Hand still adds to thine.
 The God of Love in ambush lyes,
 And with his Arms surrounds the Fair,
 He points his conquering Arrows in these Eyes,
 Then hangs a sharpned Dart at every Hair.
 As with fatal Skill,
 Turn which Way you will,
 Like *Eden's flaming Sword* each Way you kill;
 So ripening Years improve rich Nature's Store,
 And give Perfection to the Golden Ore.

Last

Lafs with a Lump o' Land.

G I'E me a Lafs with a Lump of Land,
 And we for Life shall gang thegither,
 Tho' daft or wise, I'll never demand,
 Or black or fair it maksna whether.
 I'm aff with Wit, and Beauty will fade,
 And Blood alane is no worth a Shilling,
 But she's that's rich, her Market's made,
 For ilka Charm about her is killing.

Gi'e me a Lafs with a Lump of Land,
 And in my Bosom I'll hug my Treasure;
 Gin I had anes her Gear in my Hand,
 Shou'd Love turn dowf, it will find Pleasure.
 Laugh on wha likes, but there's my Hand,
 I hate with Poortith, tho' bonny, to meddle,
 Unless they bring Cash, or a Lump of Land,
 They'fe ne'er get me to dance to their Fiddle.

There's meikle good Love in Bands and Bags,
 And Siller and Gowd's a sweet Complexion;
 But Beauty and Wit, and Virtue in Rags,
 Have tint the Art of gaining Affection:
 Love tips his Arrows with Woods and Parks,
 And Castles, and Riggs, and Moors, and Meadows,
 And naithing can catch our modern Sparks,
 But well-tocher'd Lasses, or joynter'd Widows.'

The Shepherd Adonis.

THE Shepherd *Adonis*
 Being weary'd with Sport,
 He for a Retirement
 To the Woods did resort.

He

He threw by his Club,
 And he laid himself down;
 He envy'd no Monarch,
 Nor wish'd for a Crown.

He drank of the Burn,
 And he ate frae the Tree,
 Himself he enjoy'd,
 And frae Trouble was free.
 He wish'd for no Nymph,
 Tho' never sae fair,
 Had nae Love or Ambition,
 And therefore no Care.

But as he lay thus
 In an Ev'ning sae clear,
 A heavenly sweet Voice
 Sounded fast in his Ear;
 Which came frae a shady
 Green neighbouring Grove,
 Where bony *Amynta*
 Sat singing of Love.

He wander'd that Way,
 And found who was there,
 He was quite confounded
 To see her sae fair:
 He stood like a Statue,
 Not a Foot cou'd he move,
 Nor knew he what griev'd him;
 But he fear'd it was Love.

The Nymph she beheld him
 With a kind modest Grace,
 Seeing something that pleas'd her
 Appear in his Face.

With

With blushing a little
 She to him did say,
 Oh Shepherd! what want ye?
 How came you this Way?

His Spirits reviving,
 He to her reply'd,
 I was ne'er fae surpris'd
 At the Sight of a Maid;
 Until I beheld thee
 From Love I was free,
 But now I'm tane Captive,
 My fairest, by thee.

*The Complaint. To B. I. G. Tune of, When
 absent, &c.*

WHEN absent from the Nymph I love,
 I'd fain shake off the Chains I wear;
 But whilst I strive these to remove,
 More Fetters I'm oblig'd to bear.
 My captiv'd Fancy Day and Night
 Fairer and fairer represents
Belinda form'd for dear Delight,
 But cruel Cause of my Complaints.

All Day I wander thro' the Groves,
 And sighing hear from ev'ry Tree
 The happy Birds chirping their Loves,
 Happy! compar'd with lonely me.
 When gentle Sleep with balmy Wings
 To Rest fans ev'ry weary'd Wight,
 A thousand Fears my Fancy brings,
 That keep me watching all the Night.

Sleep

Sleep flies, while like the Goddess fair,
 And all the Graces in her Train,
 With melting Smiles and killing Air
 Appears the Cause of all my Pain.
 A while my Mind delighted flies
 O'er all her Sweets with thirling Joy,
 Whilst Want of Worth makes Doubts arise,
 That all my trembling Hopes destroy.

Thus while my Thoughts are fix'd on her,
 I'm all o'er Transport and Desire:
 My Pulse beats high, my Cheeks appear
 All Roses, and mine Eyes all Fire.
 When to my self I turn my View,
 My Veins grow chill, my Cheek looks wan:
 Thus whilst my Fears my Pains renew,
 I scarcely look or move a Man.

The young Lass contra auld Man.

THE Carle he came o'er the Croft,
 And his Beard new shaven,
 He look'd at me, as he'd been daft,
 The Carle trows that I wad hae him.
 Howt awa' I winna hae him!
 Nae forsooth I winna hae him!
 For a' his Beard new shaven,
 Ne'er a Bit will I hae him.
 A filler Broach he gae me nieft,
 To fasten on my Curtchea nooked,
 I wor't a-wi upon my Breast;
 But soon alake! the Tongue o't crooked;
 And sae may his, I winna hae him,
 Nae forsooth, I winna hae him!
 And twice a Bairn's, a Lass's Jest;
 Sae ony Fool for me may hae him.

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The Carle has nae Fault but ane;
 For he has Land and Dollars Plenty:
 But waes me for him! Skin and Bane
 Is no for a plump Lafs of Twenty.
 Howt awa', I winna hae him,
 Na forsooth, I winna hae him,
 What signifies his dirty Riggs,
 And Cath, without a Man wish them?

But thou'd my canker'd Dady gar
 Me take him 'gainst my Inclination,
 I warn the Fumbler to beware,
 That Antlers dinna claim their Station.
 Howt awa', I winna hae him!
 Na forsooth I winna hae him!
 I'm flee'd to crack the haly Band,
 Sae Lawty says, I shou'd na hae him.

*Vertue and Wit, the Preservatives of Love and
 Beauty. Tune of, Gillikranky.*

He. **C**onfess thy Love, fair blushing Maid,
 For since thine Eye's consenting,
 Thy sifter Thoughts are a' betray'd,
 And Nasay's no worth tenting.
 Why aims thou to oppose thy Mind,
 With Words thy Wish denying;
 Since Nature made thee to be kind,
 Reason allows complying.

Nature and Reason's joint Consent
 Make Love a sacred Blessing,
 Then happily that Time is spent,
 That's war'd on kind caressing?

Come

Come then, my *Katie*, to my Arms,
 I'll be nae mair a Rover;
 But find our Heaven in a' thy Charms,
 And prove a faithful Lover.

She. What you design by Nature's Law,
 Is fleeting Inclination,
 That *Willy--Wisp* bewilds us a'
 By its Infatuation.

When that goes out, Caresses tire,
 And Love's nae mair in Season,
 Syne weakly we blaw up the Fire,
 With all our boasted Reason.

He. The Beauties of inferior Cast
 May start this just Reflection;
 But Charms like thine maun always last,
 Where Wit has the Protection.
 Virtue and Wit, like *April* Rays,
 Make Beauty rise the sweeter;
 The langer then on thee I gaze,
 My Love will grow compleater.

Song. Tune of, *The happy Clown*.

IT was the charming Month of *May*,
 When all the Flow'rs were fresh and gay,
 One Morning by the Break of Day,
 Sweet *Chloe* chaste and fair,

From peaceful Slumber she arose,
 Girt on her Mantle and her Hose,
 And o'er the flow'ry Mead she goes,
 To breathe a purer Air.

Her Looks so sweet, so gay her Mien,
Her handsome Shape and Dress so clean,
She look'd all o'er like Beauty's Queen,
Drest in her best Array.

The gentle Winds and purling Stream
Essay'd to whisper *Chloe's* Name,
The savage Beasts till then ne'er tame,
Wild Adoration pay.

The feather'd People one might see,
Perch'd all around her on a Tree,
With Notes of sweetest Melody
They act a chearful Part.

The dull Slaves on the toilsome Plow,
Their wearied Necks and Knees dó bow,
A glad Subjection there they vow,
To pay with all their Heart.

The bleating Flocks that then came by,
Soon as the charming Nymph they spy,
They leave their hoarse and ruful Cry,
And dance around the Brooks.

The Woods are glad, the Meadows smile,
And *Forth* that foam'd, and roar'd ere while,
Glides calmly down as smooth as Oil,
Thro' all its charming Crooks.

The finny Squadrons are content,
To leave their wat'ry Element,
In glazie Numbers down the Bent,
They flutter all along.

The Insects, and each creeping Thing,
Join'd to make up the rural Ring,
All frisk and dance, if she but sing,
And make a jovial Throng.

Kind

Kind *Phæbus* now began to rise,
 And paint with red the Eastern Skies,
 Struck with the Glory of her Eyes,
 He shrinks behind a Cloud.

Her Mantle on a Bough she lays,
 And all her Glory she displays,
 She left all Nature in Amaze,
 And skipp'd into the Wood.

Lady Anne Bothwel's Lament.

BALOW, my Boy, ly still and sleep,
 It grieves me sore to hear thee weep;
 If thou'lt be silent, I'll be glad,
 Thy Mourning makes my Heart full sad.
 Balow, my Boy, thy Mother's Joy,
 Thy Father bred me great Annoy.
Balow, my Boy, ly still and sleep,
It grieves me sore to hear thee weep.

Balow, my Darling, sleep a while,
 And when thou wak'st then sweetly smile;
 But smile not as thy Father did,
 To cozen Maids, nay God forbid;
 For in thine Eye his Look I see,
 The tempting Look that ruin'd me:

Balow, my Boy, &c.

When he began to court my Love,
 And with his sugar'd Words to move,
 His tempting Face and flatt'ring Chear,
 In Time to me did not appear;
 But now I see that cruel he
 Cares neither for his Babe nor me.

Balow, my Boy, &c.

Farewel,

Farewel, farewel, thou falsest Youth,
That ever kist a Woman's Mouth,
Let never any after me
Submit unto thy Courtesy:
For, if they do, O cruel thou
Wilt her abuse, and care not how.

Balow, my Boy, &c.

I was too cred'lous at the first,
To yield thee all a Maiden durst,
Thou swore for ever true to prove,
Thy Faith unchang'd, unchang'd thy Love;
But quick as Thought the Change is wrought,
Thy Love's no more, thy Promise nought.

Balow, my Boy, &c.

I wish I were a Maid again,
From young Mens Flatt'ry I'd refrain,
For now unto my Grief I find,
They all are perjur'd and unkind:
Bewitching Charms bred all my Harms,
Witness my Babe lies in my Arms.

Balow, my Boy, &c.

I take my Fate from bad to worse,
That I must needs be now a Nurse,
And lull my young Son on my Lap,
From me, sweet Orphan, take the Pap.
Balow, my Child, thy Mother mild
Shall wail, as from all Bliss exil'd.

Balow, my Boy, &c.

Balow, my Boy, weep not for me,
Whose greatest Grief's for wrangling thee;
Nor pity her deserved Smart,
Who can blame none but her fond Heart:

For, too soon trusting, latest finds,
With fairest Tongues are falsest Minds.

Balow, my Boy, &c.

Balow, my Boy, thy Father's fled,
When he the thriftless Son has play'd,
Of Vows and Oaths, forgetful he
Preferr'd the Wars to thee and me.

But now perhaps thy Curse and mine
Make him eat Acorns with the Swine.

Balow, my Boy, &c.

But curse not him, perhaps now he,
Stung with Remorse, is blessing thee:
Perhaps at Death, for who can tell
Whether the Judge of Heaven and Hell,
By some proud Foe has struck the Blow,
And laid the dear Deceiver low.

Balow, my Boy, &c.

I wish I were into the Bounds,
Where he lies smother'd in his Wounds,
Repeating, as he pants for Air,
My Name, whom once he call'd his Fair.
No Woman's yet so fiercely set,
But she'll forgive, tho' not forget.

Balow, my Boy, &c.

If Linen lacks, for my Love's Sake,
Then quickly to him would I make
My Smock once for his Body meet,
And wrap him in that Winding-sheet.
Ah me ! how happy had I been,
If he had ne'er been wrapt therein.

Balow, my Boy, &c.

Balow, my Boy, I'll weep for thee ;
Too soon, alake, thou'lt weep for me :

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Thy Griefs are growing to a Sum,
God grant thee Patience when they come;
Born to sustain thy Mother's Shame,
A hapless Fate, a Bastard's Name.
Balow, my Boy, &c.

Song. She raise and loot me in.

THE Night her silent Sable wore,
And gloomy were the Skies:
Of glitt'ring Stars appear'd no more
Than those in *Nelly's* Eyes.
When at her Father's Yate I knock'd,
Where I had often been,
She, shrowded only with her Smock,
Arose and loot me in.

Fast lock'd within her close Embrace,
She trembling stood atham'd:
Her swelling Breast and glowing Face,
And ev'ry Touch inflam'd.
My eager Passion I obey'd,
Resolv'd the Fort to win;
And her fond Heart was soon betray'd
To yield and let me in.

Then then, beyond expressing,
Transporting was the Joy;
I knew no greater Blessing,
So blest a Man was I.
And she all ravish'd with Delight,
Bid me oft come again;
And kindly vow'd, that ev'ry Night
She'd rise and let me in.

But ah! at last the prov'd with Bairn,
 And sighing fat, and dull,
 And I that was as much concern'd,
 Look'd e'en just like a Fool.
 Her lovely Eyes with Tears ran o'er,
 Repenting her rash Sin:
 She sigh'd, and curs'd the fatal Hour
 That e'er she loot me in.

But who cou'd cruelly deceive,
 Or from such Beauty part?
 I lov'd her so, I could not leave
 The Charmer of my Heart;
 But wedded, and conceal'd our Crime:
 Thus all was well again,
 And now she thanks the happy Time
 That e'er she loot me in.

Song. If Love's a sweet Passion.

IF Love's a sweet Passion, why does it torment?
 If a bitter, O tell me! whence comes my Com-
 plaint?

Since I suffer with Pleasure, why should I complain,
 Or grieve at my Fate, since I know 'tis in vain?
 Yet so pleasing the Pain is, so soft is the Dart,
 That at once it both wounds me, and tickles my
 Heart.

I grasp her Hands gently, look languishing down,
 And by passionate Silence I make my love known.
 But oh! how I'm blest'd when so kind she does prove,
 By some willing Mistake to discover her Love.
 When in striving to hide, she reveals all her Flame,
 And our Eyes tell each other what neither dare name.

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How pleasing is Beauty ? how sweet are the Charms ?
 How delightful Embraces ? how peaceful her Arms ?
 Sure there's nothing so easy as learning to love ;
 'Tis taught us on Earth, and by all Things above :
 And to Beauty's bright Standard all Heroes must yield,
 For 'tis Beauty that conquers, and keeps the fair Field.

John Ochiltree.

Honest Man *John Ochiltree* ;
 Mine ain auld *John Ochiltree*,
 Wilt thou come o'er the Moor to me,
 And dance as thou was wont to do ?
Alake, alake ! I wont to do !

Ohon, Ohon ! I wont to do !
Now wont to do's away frae me,
Frae silly auld John Ochiltree.

Honest Man *John Ochiltree*,
 Mine ain auld *John Ochiltree* ;
 Come anes out o'er the Moor to me,
 And do but what thou dow to do.
Alake, alake ! I dow to do !

Walaways ! I dow to do !
To whoost and hirple o'er my Tree,
My bony Moor-powt is a' I may do.

Walaways John Ochiltree !
 For mony a Time I tell'd to thee,
 Thou rade sae fast by Sea and Land,
 And wadna keep a Bridle-hand ;
 Thou'd tine the Beast, thy fell wad die,
 My silly auld *John Ochiltree*.
Come to my Arms, my bony Thing,
And chear me up to hear thee sing ;
And tell me o'er a' we hae done,
For Thoughts maun now my Life sustain.

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Gae thy Ways *John Ochiltree* :

Hae done! it has nae Sa'r wi' me.
I'll set the Beast in thro' the Land,
She'll may be fa' in a better Hand.
Even sit thou there, and think thy fill,
For I'll do as I wont to do still.

Song. Tune of, *JENNY beguil'd the Webster.*

The auld Chorus.

*Up Stairs, down Stairs,
Timber Stairs fear me.
I'm laith to ly a' Night my lane,
And Johny's Bed jae near me.*

O Mither dear, I 'gin to fear,
Tho' I'm baith good and bony,
I winna keep; for in my Sleep
I start and dream of *Johny*.
When *Johny* then comes down the Glen,
To woo me, dinna hinder;
But with Content gi' your Consent;
For we twa ne'er can finder.

Better to marry, than miscarry;
For Shame and Skaith's the Clink o't,
To thole the Dool, to mount the Stool,
I downa 'bide to think o't;
Sae while 'tis Time, I'll shun the Crime,
That gars poor *Epps* gae whinging,
With Hainches fow, and Een sae blew,
To a' the Bedrals binding.

Had

Had *Eppy's* Apron bidden down,
 The Kirk had ne'er a kend it;
 But when the Word's gane thro' the Town,
 Alake ! how can she mend it ?
 Now *Tam* maun face the Minister,
 And she maun mount the Pillar ;
 And that's the Way that they maun gae,
 For poor Folk has nae Siller.

Now ha'd ye'r Tongue, my Daughter young,
 Reply'd the kindly Mither,
 Get *Jobny's* Hand in haly Band,
 Syne wap ye'r Wealth together.
 I'm o' the Mind, if he be kind,
 Ye'll do your Part discreetly ;
 And prove a Wife will gar his Life
 And Barrel run right sweetly.

Song. Tune of, *Wat ye wha I met Yestreen*, &c.

OF all the Birds, whose tuneful Throats
 Do welcome in the verdant Spring,
 I far prefer the *Stirling's* Notes,
 And think she does most sweetly sing.
 Nor Thrush, nor Linner, nor the Bird,
 Brought from the far *Canary* Coast,
 Nor can the Nightingale afford
 Such Melody as she can boast.

When *Phæbus* southward darts his Fires,
 And on our Plains he looks aſcance,
 The Nightingale with him retires,
 My *Stirling* makes my Blood to dance.

In Spite of *Hyem's* nipping Frost,
 Whether the Day be dark or clear,
 Shall I not to her Health entoast,
 Who makes it Summer all the Year.

Then by thy self, my lovely Bird,
 I'll stroke thy Back, and kiss thy Breast;
 And if you'll take my honest Word,
 As sacred as before the Priest,
 I'll bring thee where I will devise
 Such various Ways to pleasure thee,
 The Felvet Fog thou wilt despise,
 When on the *Downy-bills* with me.

A Song. To its own Tune.

IN *January* last,
 On *Munanday* at Morn,
 As thro' the Fields I past,
 To view the Winter Corn,
 I looked me behind,
 And saw come o'er the Know,
 Ane glancing in her Apron,
 With a bony brent Brow.

I said, Good-morrow, fair Maid;
 And she right courteously
 Return'd a Beck, and kindly said,
Good Day, sweet Sir, to you.
 I spear'd, my Dear, how far awa
 Do ye intend to gae?
 Quoth she, I mean a Mile or twa,
 Out o'er yon broomy Brae.

He. Fair

He. Fair Maid, I'm thankfu' to my Fate,
 To have sic Company;
 For I am ganging strait that Gate,
 Where ye intend to be.
 When we had gone a Mile or twain,
 I said, to her, my Dow,
 May we not lean us on this Plain,
 And kifs your bony Mou?

She. Kind Sir, ye are a wi mistane;
 For I am nane of these,
 I hope ye some mair Breeding ken,
 Than to ruffle Womens Claife:
 For may be I have chosen ane,
 And plighted him my Vow,
 Wha may do wi' me what he likes,
 And kifs my bony Mou.

He. Na, if ye are contracted,
 I hae nae mair to say:
 Rather than be rejected,
 I will gie o'er the Play;
 And chuse anither will respect
 My Love, and on me rew;
 And let me grasp her round the Neck,
 And kifs her bony Mou.

She. O! Sir, ye are proud-hearted,
 And laith to be said Nay,
 Else ye wad ne'er a started
 For aught that I did say:
 For Women, in their Modesty,
 At first they winna bow;
 But if we like your Company,
 We'll prove as kind as you.

Song.

Song. Tune of, I'll never leave thee.

ONE Day I heard *Mary* say,
How shall I leave thee?

Stay, dearest *Adonis*, stay,

Why wilt thou grieve me?

Alas! my fond Heart will break,

If thou should leave me.

I'll live and die for thy Sake;

Yet never leave thee.

Say, lovely *Adonis*, say,

Has *Mary* deceiv'd thee?

Did e'er her young Heart betray

New Love, that has griev'd thee?

My constant Mind ne'er shall stray,

Thou may believe me;

I'll love thee, Lad, Night and Day,

And never leave thee.

Adonis, my charming Youth,

What can relieve thee?

Can *Mary* thy Anguish sooth?

This Breast shall receive thee.

My Passion can ne'er decay,

Never deceive thee:

Delight shall drive Pain away,

Pleasure revive thee.

But leave thee, leave thee, Lad,

How shall I leave thee?

O! that Thought makes me sad,

I'll never leave thee.

Where would my *Adonis* fly?

Why does he grieve me?

Alas! my poor Heart will die,

If I should leave thee.

Sleepy

Sleepy Body, drowsy Body.

S*omnolente, queso repente
Vigila, vive, me tange.
Somnolente, queso, &c.*

*Cum me ambiebas, videri volebas
Amoris negotiis aptus;
Sed factus Maritus, es semisopitus,
Et semper à somnio captus.*

O sleepy Body, and drowsy Body,
O wiltuna waken and turn thee:
To drivel and drant, while I sigh and gaunt,
Gives me good Reason to scorn thee.

When thou should'st be kind, thou turns sleepy and
blind,
And snoters and snores far frae me.
Wae light on thy Face, thy drowsy Embrace
Is enough to gar me betray thee.

General Lesly's March to Long-marston Moor.

MARCH, March,
Why the D---- do ye na march!
Stand to your Arms, my Lads,
Fight in good Order.
Front about ye Musketeers all,
Till ye come to the *English* Border.
Stand till't, and fight like Men,
True Gospel to maintain.
The Parliament blyth to see us a coming,
When to the Kirk we come,
We'll purge it ilka Room,
Frae *Popish* Relicks and a' sic Innovations,

That

That a' the Warld may see,
There's nane i' the right but we,
Of the auld *Scottish* Nation.

Jenny shall wear the Hood,
Jocky the Sark of God;
And the Kist fou of Whistles
That make sic a Cleiro,

Our Pipers braw
Shall hae them a',
Whate'er come on it.

Busk up your Plaids, my Lads,
Cock up your Bonnets.

March, March, &c.

Song. Tune of, *I'll gar ye be fain to follow me.*

He. **A**DIEU for a while my native green Plains,
My nearest Relations, and neighbouring
Swains,

Dear *Nelly* frae these I'd start easily free,
Were Minutes not Ages, while absent frae thee.

She. Then tell me the Reason thou does not obey
The Pleadings of Love, but thus hurries away;
Alake! thou Deceiver, o'er plainly I see,
A Lover sae roving will never mind me.

He. The Reason unhappy is owing to Fate
That gave me a Being without an Estate,
Which lays a Necessity now upon me,
To purchase a Fortune for Pleasure to thee.

She. Small Fortune may serve where Love has the
Sway,
Then *Jobny* be counsell'd na langer to stray,

For

For while thou proves constant in Kindness to me,
Contented I'll ay find a Treasure in thee.

He. O cease, my dear Charmer, else soon I'll betray
A Weakness unmanly, and quickly give way
To Fondness which may prove a Ruin to thee,
A Pain to us baith, and Dishonour to me.

Bear Witness, ye Streams, and Witness, ye Flowers,
Bear Witness, ye watchful invisible Powers,
If ever my Heart be unfaithful to thee,
May naithing propitious e'er smile upon me.

Song. Tune of,

BUSK ye, busk ye, my bony Bride;
Busk ye, busk ye, my bony Marrow;
Busk ye, busk ye, my bony Bride,
Busk and go to the Braes of Yarrow;
There will we sport and gather Dew,
Dancing while Lav'rocks sing the Morning;
There learn frae Turtles to prove true;
O Bell, ne'er vex me with thy Scorning.

To Westlin Breezes *Flora* yields,
And when the Beams are kindly warming,
Blythness appears o'er all the Fields,
And Nature looks mair fresh and charming.
Learn frae the Burns that trace the Mead,
Tho' on their Banks the Roses blossom,
Yet hastily they flow to *Tweed*,
And pour their Sweetness in his Bosom.

Hast ye, hast ye, my bony Bell,
Hast to my Arms, and there I'll guard thee,
With free Consent my Fears repel,
I'll with my Love and Care Reward thee.

Thus

Thus sang I saftly to my Fair,
 Wha rais'd my Hopes with kind relenting.
 O Queen of Smiles, I ask nae mair,
 Since now my bony *Bell's* consenting.

Corn Riggs are bony.

MY *Patie* is a Lover gay,
 His Mind is never muddy,
 His Breath is sweeter than new Hay,
 His Face is fair and ruddy.
 His Shape is handsome, middle Size;
 He's stately in his Wawking;
 The Shining of his Een surprise;
 'Tis Heaven to hear him tawking,

Last Night I met him on a Bawk,
 Where yellow Corn was growing,
 There mony a kindly Word he spak,
 That set my Heart a glowing,
 He kiss'd, and vow'd he wad be mine,
 And loo'd me best of ony;
 That gars me like to sing finfyne,
 O *Corn Riggs are bony.*

Let Maidens of a silly Mind
 Refuse what maist they're wanting,
 Since we for yielding are design'd,
 We chastly should be granting;
 Then I'll comply and marry *Pate*,
 And syne my Cockernony
 He's free to touzle air or late,
 Where *Corn Riggs are bony.*

Cromlet's

Cromlet's Lilt.

SINCE all thy Vows, false Maid,
 Are blown to Air,
 And my poor Heart betray'd
 To sad Despair,
 Into some Wilderneck,
 My Grief I will express.
 And thy Hard-heartedness,
 O cruel Fair.

Have I not graven our Loves
 On every Tree?
 In yonder spreading Groves,
 Tho' false thou be:
 Was not a solemn Oath
 Plighted betwixt us both,
 Thou thy Faith, I my Troth,
 Constant to be?

Some gloomy Place I'll find,
 Some doleful Shade,
 Where neither Sun nor Wind
 E'er Entrance had:
 Into that hollow Cave
 There will I sigh and rave,
 Because thou do'st behave
 So faithlessly.

Wild Fruit shall be my Mear,
 I'll drink the Spring,
 Cold Earth shall be my Seat
 For Covering:

I'll

I'll have the starry Sky
 My Head to Canopy,
 Until my Soul on hy
 Shall spread its Wing.

I'll have no Funeral-Fire,
 Nor Tears for me:
 No Grave do I desire,
 Nor Obsequies:
 The courteous *Red-Breast* he
 With Leaves will cover me,
 And sing my Elegy,
 With doleful Voice.

And when a Ghost I am,
 I'll visit thee:
 O thou deceitful Dame,
 Whose Cruelty
 Has kill'd the kindest Heart
 That e'er felt *Cupid's* Dart,
 And never can desert
 From loving thee.

Song. We'll a' to Kelfo go.

AN I'll awa' to bony *Tweed-side*,
 And see my Deary come throw,
 And he sall be mine
 Gif sae he incline,
 For I hate to lead Apes below.

While Young and Fair,
 I'll make it my Care,
 To secure my sell in a Jo;
 I'm no sic a Fool
 To let my Blood cool,
 And syne gae lead Apes below.

Few

Few Words, bony Lad;
Will eithly perswade,
Tho' blushing, I dastly say no,
Gae on with your Strain,
And doubt not to gain,
For I hate to lead Apes below.

Unty'd to a Man,
Do whate'er we can,
We never can thrive or dow:
Then I will do well,
Do better wha will,
And let them lead Apes below.

Our Time is precious,
And Gods are gracious
That Beauties upon us bestow;
'Tis not to be thought,
We got them for nought,
Or to be set up for Show.

'Tis carry'd by Votes,
Come kilt up ye'r Coats,
And let us to *Edinburgh* go,
Where she that's bony
May catch a *Johny*,
And never lead Apes below.

William and Margaret. An old Ballad.

'T WAS at the fearful Midnight Hour,
When all were fast asleep,
In glided *Margaret's* grimly Ghost,
And stood at *William's* Feet.

Her Face was pale, like *April* Morn,
 Clad in a wintry Cloud;
 And Clay-cold was her Lilly Hand
 That held her sable Shroud.

So shall the fairest Face appear,
 When Youth and Years are flown:
 Such is the Robe that Kings must wear,
 When Death has rest their Crown.

Her Bloom was like the springing Flow'r
 That sips the Silver Dew;
 The Rose was budded in her Cheek,
 Just opening to the View.

But Love had, like the Canker-Worm,
 Consum'd her early Prime:
 The Rose grew pale, and left her Cheek;
 She dy'd before her Time.

Awake !--- she cry'd, Thy true Love calls,
 Come from her Midnight Grave:
 Now let thy Pity hear the Maid,
 Thy Love refus'd to save.

This is the dumb and dreary Hour,
 When injur'd Ghosts complain,
 And aid the secret Fears of Night,
 To fright the faithless Man.

Bethink thee, *William*, of thy Fault,
 Thy Pledge and broken Oath,
 And give me back my Maiden-Vow,
 And give me back my Troth.

How could you say, my Face was fair,
 And yet that Face forsake?
 How could you win my Virgin-Heart,
 Yet leave that Heart to break?

Why

Why did you promise Love to me,
And not that Promise keep?
Why said you, that my Eyes were bright,
Yet left those Eyes to weep?

How could you swear, my Lips were sweet,
And made of the Scarlet pale?
And why did I, young witless Maid,
Believe the flatt'ring Tale?

That Face, alas! no more is fair;
These Lips no longer red:
Dark are my Eyes, now clos'd in Death,
And every Charm is fled.

The hungry Worm my Sister is;
This Winding-sheet I wear:
And cold and weary lasts our Night,
Till that last Morn appear.

But hark! ---- the Cock has warn'd me hence---
A long and late Adieu!
Come see, false Man! how low she lies,
That dy'd for love of you.

The Lark sung out, the Morning smil'd,
And rais'd her glist'ring Head:
Pale *William* quak'd in every Limb;
Then, raving, left his Bed.

He hy'd him to the fatal Place
Where *Marg'ret's* Body lay,
And stretch'd him o'er the green Grass Turf
That wrapt her breathless Clay.

And thrice he call'd on *Marg'ret's* Name,
And thrice he wept full sore:
Then laid his Cheek on her cold Grave,
And Word spoke never more.

Ode. To Mrs. A. R. Tune of, *Love's Goddess
in a Myrtle Grove.*

NOW Spring begins her smiling Round,
And lavish paints th' enamell'd Ground;
The Birds now lift their chearful Voice,
And gay on every Bough rejoice:
The lovely *Graces* Hand in Hand
Knit fast in Love's eternal Band,
With early Step, at Morning Dawn,
Tread lightly o'er the dewy Lawn.

Where'er the youthful *Sisters* move,
They fire the Soul to genial Love:
Now, by the River's painted Side,
The Swain delights his Country Bride;
While pleas'd, she hears his artless Vows,
Each Bird his feather'd Consort wooes:
Soon will the ripen'd Summer yield
Her various Gifts to every Field.

The fertile Trees, a lovely Show!
With Ruby-tinctur'd Births shall glow;
Sweet Smells from Beds of Lillies born
Perfume the Breezes of the Morn:
The smiling Day and dewy Night
To rural Scenes my Fair invite;
With Summer Sweets to feast her Eye,
Yet soon, soon, will the Summer fly.

Attend, my lovely Maid, and know
To profit by th' instructive Show:
Now young and blooming thou appears
All in the Flourish of thy Years:

The

The lovely Bud shall soon disclose
To every Eye the blushing Rose ;
Now, now the tender Stalk is seen
With Beauty fresh, and ever green.

But when the sunny Hours are past,
Think not the coo'ning Scene will last ;
Let not the Flatt'rer Hope persuade,
Ah ! must I say, that it will fade ?
For see the Summer flies away,
Sad Emblem of our own Decay !
Now Winter from the frozen North
Drives swift his Iron Chariot forth.

His grizly Hands in Icy Chains
Fair *Tweda's* Silver Stream constrains.
Cast up thy Eyes, how bleak and bare
He wanders on the Tops of *Yare* ;
Behold his Foot-steps dire are seen
Confest o'er every with'ring Green ;
Griev'd at the Sight, when thou shalt see
A snowy Wreath to cloath each Tree.

Frequenting now the Stream no more,
Thou flies, displeas'd, the frozen Shore,
When thou shall miss the Flowers that grew
But late, to charm thy ravish'd View ;
Then shall a Sigh thy Soul invade,
And o'er thy Pleasures cast a Shade :
Shall I, ah ! horrid ! wilt thou say,
Be like to this some other Day ?

Yet when in Snow and dreary Frost
The Pleasure of the Fields is lost,
To blazing Hearths at home we run,
And Fires supply the distant Sun ;

In gay Delights our Hours employ,
 And do not lose, but change our Joy.
 Happy! abandon every Care,
 To lead the Dance, to court the Fair.

To turn the Page of sacred Bards,
 To drain the Bowl, and deal the Cards.
 In Cities thus with witty Friends
 In Smiles the hoary Season ends.
 But when the lovely white and red
 From the pale ashy Cheek is fled,
 Then Wrinkles dire, and Age severe
 Make Beauty fly, we know not where.

The Fair, whom Fates unkind disarm,
 Ah! must they ever cease to charm?
 Or is there left some *pleasing Art*
 To keep secure a captive Heart?
 Unhappy Love! may Lovers say,
 Beauty, thy Food, does swift decay;
 When once that short-liv'd Stock is spent,
 What is't thy Famine can prevent?

Lay in good Sense with timeous Care,
 That Love may live on Wisdom's Fare:
 Tho' *Extasy* with *Beauty* flies,
Esteem is born when *Beauty* dies.
 Happy the Man whom Fates decree
 Their richest Gift in giving thee;
 Thy Beauty shall his Youth engage,
 Thy Wisdom shall delight his Age.

Horace,

Horace, *Book I. Ode II. To W. D. Tune of,*
Willy was a wanton Wag.

WILLY ne'er enquire what End
 The Gods for thee or me intend;
 How vain the Search, that but bestows
 The Knowledge of our future Woes:
 Happier the Man that ne'er repines,
 Whatever Lot his Fate assigns,
 Than they that idly vex their Lives
 With Wizards and enchanting Wives.

Thy present Years in Mirth employ,
 And consecrate thy Youth to Joy;
 Whether the Fates to thy old Score
 Shall bounteous add a Winter more,
 Or this shall lay thee cold in Earth
 That rages o'er the *Pentland Firth*,
 No more with *Home* the Dance to lead;
 Take my Advice, ne'er vex thy Head.

With blyth Intent the Goblet pour,
 That's sacred to the genial Hour,
 In flowing Wine still warm thy Soul,
 And have no Thoughts beyond the Bowl.
 Behold the flying Hour is lost,
 For Time rides ever on the Post,
 Even while we speak, even while we think,
 And waits not for the standing Drink.

Collect thy Joys each present Day,
 And live in Youth, while best you may;
 Have all your Pleasures at Command,
 Nor trust one Day in Fortune's Hand.

Then *Willy* be a wanton Wag,
 If ye wad please the Lassies braw,
 At Bridals then ye'll bear the Brag,
 And carry ay the Gree awa'.

The Widow.

THE Widow can bake, and the Widow can
 brew,

The Widow can shape, and the Widow can sew,
 And mony braw Things the Widow can do;

Then have at the Widow, my Ladie.

With Courage attack her baith early and late,
 To kifs her and clap her, ye mauna be blate;
 Speak well, and do better, for that's the best Gate
 To win a young Widow, my Ladie.

The Widow she's youthfu', and never ae Hair
 The war of the wearing, and has a good Skair
 Of every thing lovely; she's witty and fair,

And has a rich Jointure, my Ladie.

What cou'd ye wish better your Pleasure to crown,
 Than a Widow, the boniest Toast in the Town,
 With naithing, but draw in your Stool and sit down,
 And sport with the Widow, my Ladie?

Then till'er and kill'er with Courtesie dead,
 Tho' stark Love and Kindness be all ye can plead;
 Be heartsome and airy, and hope to succeed,

With a bony gay Widow, my Ladie.

Strike Iron while 'tis het, if ye'd have it to wald,
 For Fortune ay favours the active and bauld,
 But ruins the Wooer that's thowless and cauld,
 Unfit for the Widow, my Ladie.

The

The Highland Lassie.

THE Lawland Maids gang trig and fine,
 But aft they're sour and unco sawcy;
 Sae proud, they never can be kind
 Like my good-humour'd Highland Lassie.
*O my bony, bony Highland Lassie,
 My bearty smiling Highland Lassie,
 May never Care make thee less fair,
 But Bloom of Youth still blefs my Lassie.*

Than ony Lafs in Borrowstown,
 Wha mak their Cheeks with Patches morie,
 I'd tak my *Katie* bot a Gown,
 Bare-footed in her little Coatie.
O my bony, &c.

Beneath the Brier or Brechen Bush
 Whene'er I kifs and court my Daurie;
 Happy and blyth as ane wad wish,
 My fighteren Heart gangs pittie-pattie,
O my bony, &c.

O'er highest Heathery Hills I'll stenn,
 With cockit Gun and Ratches tenty,
 To drive the Deer out of their Den,
 To feast my Lafs on Dishes dainty.
O my bony, &c.

There's nane shall dare by Deed or Word
 'Gainst her to wag a Tongue or Finger,
 While I can wield my trusty Sword,
 Or frae my Side whisk out a Whinger.
O my bony, &c.

The

The Mountains clad with purple Bloom,
 And Berries ripe, invite my Treasure
 To range with me; let great Fowl gloom,
 While Wealth and Pride confound their Pleasure.
*O my bony, bony Highland Lassie,
 My lovely smiling Highland Lassie,
 May never Care make thee less fair,
 But Bloom of Youth still bless my Lassie.*

Jocky blyth and gay.

BLYTH *Jocky* young and gay
 Is all my Heart's Delight;
 He's all my Talk by Day,
 And all my Dreams by Night.
 If from the Lad I be,
 'Tis Winter then with me;
 But when he tarries here,
 'Tis Summer all the Year.

When I and *Jocky* met
 First on the flow'ry Dale,
 Right sweetly he me tret,
 And Love was all his Tale.
 You are the Lads, said he,
 That staw my Heart frae me;
 O ease me of my Pain,
 And never shaw Disdain.

Well can my *Jocky* kyth
 His Love and Courtesie,
 He made my Heart full blyth
 When he first spake to me.
 His Suit I ill deny'd,
 He kiss'd, and I comply'd:

Sae *Jocky* promis'd me,
That he wad faithful be.

I'm glad when *Jocky* comes,
Sad when he gangs away;
'Tis Night when *Jocky* glooms,
But when he smiles 'tis Day.
When our Eyes meet, I pant,
I colour sigh, and faint;
What Lafs that wad be kind,
Can better tell her Mind?

Had away from me, Donald.

O Come away, come away,
Come away wi' me, *Jenny*;
Sic Frowns I canna bear frae ane
Whase Smiles anes ravish'd me, *Jenny*:
If you'll be kind, you'll never find
That ought fall alter me, *Jenny*;
For you're the Mistrefs of my Mind,
Whate'er you think of me, *Jenny*.
First when your Sweets enslav'd my Heart,
You seem'd to favour me, *Jenny*;
But now, alas! you act a Part
That speaks Unconstancy, *Jenny*.
Unconstancy is sic a Vice,
'Tis not befitting thee, *Jenny*;
It suits not with your Virtue nice
To carry sae to me, *Jenny*.



Her

Her Answer.

O Had away, had away,
 Had away frae me *Donald*;
 Your Heart is made o'er large for ane,
 It is not meet for me, *Donald*:
 Some fickle Mistress you may find
 Will jilt as fast as thee, *Donald*;
 To ilka Swain she will prove kind,
 And nae less kind to thee, *Donald*.

But I've a Heart that's naething such,
 'Tis fill'd with Honesty, *Donald*;
 I'll ne'er love Money, I'll love much,
 I hate all Levity, *Donald*:
 Therefore nae mair, with Art, pretend
 Your Heart is chain'd to mine, *Donald*;
 For Words of Falshood I'll defend,
 A roving Love like thine, *Donald*.

First when you courted, I must own
 I frankly favour'd you, *Donald*;
 Apparent Worth and fair Renown
 Made me believe you true, *Donald*.
 Ilk Virtue then seem'd to adorn
 The Man esteem'd by me, *Donald*;
 But now, the Mask fallen off, I scorn
 To ware a Thought on thee, *Donald*.

And now, for ever, had away,
 Had away from me, *Donald*;
 Gae seek a Heart that's like your ain,
 And come nae mair to me, *Donald*:

For

For I'll reserve my sell for ane,
 For ane that's liker me, *Donald*;
 If sic a ane I canna find,
 I'll ne'er loo Man, nor thee, *Donald*.

Donald. Then I'm thy Man, and false Report
 Has only tald a Lie, *Jenny*;
 To try thy Truth, and make us Sport,
 The Tale was rais'd by me, *Jenny*;

Jenny. When this ye prove, and still can love,
 Then come away to me, *Donald*;
 I'm well content, ne'er to repent
 That I have smil'd on thee, *Donald*.

Todlen butt, and Todlen ben.

WHEN I've a Saxpence under my Thumb,
 Then I'll get Credit in ilka Town:
 But ay when I'm poor they bid me gang by;
 O! Poverty parts good Company.

*Todlen bame, todlen bame,
 Coudna my Love come todlen bame.*

Fairfa' the Good-wife, and send her good Sale,
 She gi'es us white Bannocks to drink her Ale,
 Syne if that her Tippony chance to be sma',
 We'll tak a good Scour o't, and ea't awa'.

*Todlen bame, todlen bame,
 As round as a Neep come todlen bame.*

My Kimmer and I lay down to sleep,
 And twa Pint-stoups at our Bed's Feet;
 And ay when we waken'd, we drank them dry:
 What think ye of my wee Kimmer and I?

*Todlen butt, and todlen ben,
 Sae round as my Love comes todlen bame.*

Leez

Leez me on Liquor, my todlen Dow,
Ye're ay fac good-humour'd when weeting your
Mou ;

When sober fac sour, ye'll fight with a Flee,
That 'tis a blyth Sight to the Bairns and me,
When todlen hame, tolden hame,
When round as a Neep ye come todlen hame.

*The Auld Man's best Argument. Tune of, Widow
are ye wawking?*

O Wha's that at my Chamber-Door?
" Fair Widow are ye wawking? "

Auld Carle, your Sute give o'er,
Your Love lyes a' in tawking.
Gi'e me the Lad that's young and tight,
Sweet like an *April* Meadow;
'Tis sic as he can blefs the Sight,
And Bosom of a Widow.

" O Widow, wilt thou let me in ?

" I'm pawky, wife and thrifty,

" And come of a right gentle Kin ;

" I'm little mair than Fifty."

Daft Carle dit your Mouth,

What signifies how pawky,

Or gentle born ye be,--- bot Youth,

In Love your but a Gawky.

" Then, Widow, let these Guineas speak,

" That powerfully plead clinkan,

" And if they fail, my Mouth I'll steek,

" And nae mair Love will think on."

These court indeed, I maun confess,

I think they make you young, Sir,

And ten times better can expreis

Affection, than your Tongue, Sir.

The

*The peremptor Lover. Tune of, John Anderson
my Jo.*

'TIS not your Beauty, nor your Wit,
That can my Heart obtain;
For they cou'd never conquer yet,
Either my Breast or Brain:
For if you'll not prove kind to me,
And true as heretofore,
Henceforth I'll scorn your Slave to be
Or doat upon you more.

Think not my Fancy to o'ercome,
By proving thus unkind;
No smoothed Sight, or smiling Frown,
Can satisfy my Mind.
Pray let *Platonicks* play such Pranks,
Such Follies I deride,
For Love, at least, I will have Thanks,
And something else beside.

Then open-hearted be with me,
As I shall be with you,
And let our Actions be as free
As Vertue will allow.
If you'll prove loving, I'll prove kind,
If true, I'll constant be;
If Fortune chance to change your Mind,
I'll turn as soon as ye.

Since our Affections well ye know
In equal Terms do stand,
'Tis in your Power to love or no,
Mine's likewise in my Hand;

Dispense

Dispense with your Austerity;
 Unconstancy abhor.
 Or, by great *Cupid's* Deity,
 I'll never love you more.

What's that to you. Tune of, The Glancing of her Apron.

MY *Jeany* and I have toil'd
 The live-lang Simmer Day,
 'Till we were amais't spoil'd
 At making of the Hay:
 Her Kurchy was of Holland clear,
 Ty'd on her bony Brow,
 I whisper'd something in her Ear;
 But what's that tō you?

Her Stockings were of *Kersy* green,
 As tight as ony Silk:
 O sic a Leg was never seen,
 Her Skin as white as Milk;
 Her Hair was black as ane cou'd wish,
 And sweet, sweet was her Mou,
 O! *Jeany* daintylie can kifs;
 But what's that to you?

The Rose and Lilly baith combine,
 To make my *Jeany* fair,
 There is nae Bennison like mine,
 I have amais't nae Care;
 Only I fear my *Jeany's* Face
 May cause mae Men to rew,
 And that may gar me say, Alas!
 But what's that to you?

Conceal

Conceal thy Beauties, if thou can,
 Hide that sweet Face of thine,
 That I may only be the Man
 Enjoys these Looks divine.
 O do not prostitute, my Dear,
 Wonders to common View,
 And I with faithful Heart shall swear
 For ever to be true.

King *Solomon* had Wives anew,
 And mony a Concubine;
 But I enjoy a Bliss mair true,
 His Joys were thort of mine;
 And *Jeany's* happier than they,
 She seldom wants her due,
 All Debts of Love to her I pay,
 And what's that to you?

*Song. To the absent Florinda. Tune of, Queen
 of Sheba's March.*

COME, *Florinda*, lovely Charmer,
 Come and fix this wav'ring Heart;
 Let those Eyes my Soul rekindle,
 E'er I feel some foreign Dart.

Come and with thy Smiles secure me,
 If this Heart be worth thy Care,
 Favour'd by my Dear *Florinda*,
 I'll be true, as she is fair.

Thousand Beauties trip around me,
 And my yielding Breast assail;
 Come and take me to thy Bosom,
 E'er my constant Passion fail.

Conceal

M

Come,

Come, and like the radiant Morning,
 On my Soul serenely shine,
 Then those glimm'ring Stars shall vanish,
 Lost in Splendor more divine.

Long this Heart has been thy Victim,
 Long has felt the pleasing Pain,
 Come, and with an equal Passion
 Make it ever thine remain.

Then, my Charmer, I can promise,
 If our Souls in Love agree,
 None in all the upper Dwellings
 Shall be happier than we.

*A Bacchanal Song. Tune of, Auld Sir Symon
 the King.*

COME here's to the Nymph that I love!
 Away ye vain Sorrows, away;
 Far, far from my Bosom be gone,
 All there shall be pleasant and gay.

Far hence be the sad and the pensive
 Come fill up the Glasses around,
 We'll drink till our Faces be ruddy,
 And all our vain Sorrows are drown'd.

'Tis done, and my Fancy's exulting
 With every gay blooming Desire,
 My Blood with brisk Ardour is glowing,
 Soft Pleasures my Bosom inspire.

My Soul now to Love is dissolving,
 Oh Fate! had I her my fair Charmer,
 I'd clasp her, I'd clasp her so eager,
 Of all her Disdain I'd disarm her.

But

But hold, what has Love to do here
 With his Troops of vain Cares in Array,
 Avaunt idle pensive Intruder, -----
 He triumphs, he will not away.
 I'll drown him, come give me a Bumper ;
 Young *Cupid*, here's to thy Confusion. -----
 Now, now, he's departing, he's vanquish'd,
 Adieu to his anxious Delusion.
 Come, jolly God *Bacchus*, here's to thee ?
 Huzza Boys, huzza Boys, huzza,
 Sing Iô, sing Iô to *Bacchus*, -----
 Hence all ye dull Thinkers withdraw.
 Come, what shou'd we do but be jovial,
 Come tune up your Voices and sing ;
 What Soul is so dull to be heavy,
 When Wine sets our Fancies on Wing ?
 Come, *Pegasus* lies in this Bottle,
 He'll mount us, he'll mount us on high,
 Each of us a gallant young *Perseus*,
 Sublime we'll ascend to the Sky.
 Come mount, or adieu, I arise,
 In Seas of wide *Æther* I'm drown'd,
 The Clouds far beneath me are sailing,
 I see the Spheres whirling around.
 What Darknefs, what Ratling is this,
 Thro' *Chaos*' dark Regions I'm hurl'd,
 And now, ----- Oh my Head it is knockt,
 Upon some confounded new World.
 Now, now these dark Shades are retiring,
 See yonder bright blazes a Star,
 Where am I ? ----- behold the *Empyreum*
 With flaming Light streaming from far.

To Mrs. A C. A Song. Tune of, *All in the Downs.*

WHEN Beauty blazes heavenly bright,
The Muse can no more cease to sing,
Than can the Lark with rising Light,
Her Notes neglect with drooping Wing.
The Morning shines, harmonious Birds mount high;
The dawning Beauty smiles, and Poets fly.
Young *Annie's* budding Graces claim
The inspir'd Thought, and softest Lays,
And kindle in the Breast a Flame,
Which must be vented in her Praise.
Tell us, ye gentle Shepherds, have you seen
E'er one so like an Angel tread the Green?
Ye Youth, be watchful of your Hearts;
When she appears, take the Alarm;
Love on her Beauty points his Darts,
And wings an Arrow from each Charm.
Around her Eyes and Smiles the Graces sport,
And to her snowy Neck and Breasts resort.
But vain must every Caution prove;
When such enchanting Sweetness shines,
The wounded Swain must yield to Love,
And wonder, tho' he hopeless pines.
Such Flames the foppish Butterfly shou'd shun;
The Eagle's only fit to view the Sun.
She's as the opening Lilly fair;
Her lovely Features are compleat;
Whilst Heaven indulgent makes her share
With Angels all that's wise and sweet.
These Vertues which divinely deck her Mind,
Exalt each Beauty of th' inferior Kind.

Whe-

Whether she love the rural Scenes,
 Or sparkle in the airy Town,
 O! happy he her favour gains,
 Unhappy! if she on him frown.
 The Muse unwilling quits the lovely Theme,
 Adieu she sings, and thrice repeats her Name.

A Pastoral Song. Tune of, My Apron, Deary.

Jamie. WHILE our Flocks are a feeding,
 And we're void of Care,
 Come, *Sandy*, let's tune
 To Praise of the Fair:
 For, inspir'd by my *Susie*,
 I'll sing in such Lays,
 That *Pan*, were he Judge,
 Must allow me the Bays.

Sandy. While under this Hawthorn
 We ly at our Ease,
 By a musical Stream,
 And refresh'd by the Breeze
 Of a Zephyr so gentle,
 Yes, *Jamie*, I'll try
 For to match you and *Susie*,
 Dear *Katie* and I.

Jamie. Oh! my *Susie* so lovely,
 She's without Compare,
 She's so comely, so good,
 And so charmingly fair:
 Sure the Gods were at Pains,
 To make so compleat
 A Nymph, that for Love
 There was ne'er one so meet.

Sandy. Oh! my *Katie*'s so bright,
 She's so witty and gay;
 Love, join'd with the Graces,
 Around her Looks play.
 In her Mien she's so graceful,
 In her Humour so free:
 Sure the Gods never fram'd
 A Maid fairer than she.

Jamie. Had my *Susie* been there,
 When the *Shepherd* declar'd
 For the Lady of *Lemnos*,
 She had lost his Regard:
 And, o'ercome by a Presence
 More beautefously bright,
 He had own'd her undone,
 As the Darkness by Light.

Sandy. Not fair *Helen* of Greece,
 Nor all the whole Train,
 Either of real Beauties,
 Or those Poets feign,
 Cou'd be match'd with my *Katie*,
 Whose every sweet Charm
 May conquer best Judges,
 And coldest Hearts warm.

Jamie. Neither Riches or Honour,
 Or any thing great,
 Do I ask of the Gods;
 But that this be my Fate,
 That my *Susie* to all
 My kind Wishes comply:
 For with her wou'd I live,
 And with her I wou'd die.

Sandy. If

Sandy. If the Fates give me *Katie*,
 And her I enjoy,
 I have all my Desires;
 Nought can me annoy:
 For my Charmer has every
 Delight in such Store,
 She'll make me more happy,
 Than Swain e'er before.

Love will find out the Way.

OVER the Mountains,
 And over the Waves,
 Over the Fountains,
 And under the Graves;
 Over Floods that are deepest,
 Which do *Neptune* obey;
 Over Rocks that are steepest,
 Love will find out the Way.

Where there is no Place
 For the Glow-worm to ly;
 Where there is no Space
 For Receipt of a Fly;
 Where the Midge dares not venture,
 Lest herself fast the lay:
 But if Love come, he will enter,
 And soon find out his Way.

You may esteem him
 A Child in his Force;
 Or you may deem him
 A Coward, which is worse:

But if she whom Love doth honour,
 Be conceal'd from the Day,
 Set a Thousand Guards upon her,
 Love will find out the Way.

Some think to lose him,
 Which is too unkind;
 And some do suppose him,
 Poor Thing, to be blind:
 But if ne'er so close ye wall him,
 Do the best that you may,
 Blind Love, if so ye call him,
 He will find out the Way.

You may train the Eagle
 To stoop to your Fist,
 Or you may inveigle
 The Phoenix of the East;
 The Lionsess, ye may move her
 To give o'er her Prey:
 But you'll ne'er stop a Lover,
 He will find out his Way.

Song. Tune of, Thro' the Wood, Laddie.

AS early I walk'd, on the first of sweet May,
 Beneath a steep Mountain,
 Beside a clear Fountain,
 I heard a grave Lute soft Melody play,
 Whilst the Eccho resounded the colourous Lay.

I listen'd and look'd, and spy'd a young Swain,
 With Aspect distressed,
 And Spirits oppressed,

Seem'd

Seem'd clearing afresh, like the Sky after Rain,
And thus discover'd how he strave with his Pain.

Tho' *Elisa* be coy, why shou'd I repine,
That a Maid much above me,
Vouchsafes not to love me?

In her high Sphere of Worth I never could shine;
Then why should I seek to debase her to mine?

No: Henceforth Esteem shall govern my Desire,
And, in due Subjection,
Retain warm Affection;

To shew that Self-love inflames not my Fire,
And that no other Swain can more humbly admire.

When Passion shall cease to rage in my Breast,
Then Quiet returning,
Shall hush my sad Mourning;

And, Lord of my self, in absolute Rest,
I'll hug my Condition which Heaven shall think best.

Thus Friendship unmixt, and wholly refin'd,
May still be respected,
Tho' Love is rejected:

Elisa shall own, tho' to Love not inclin'd,
That she ne'er had a Friend like her Lover resign'd.

May the fortunate Youth who hereafter shall wooe,
With prosp'rous Endeavour,
And gain her dear Favour,

Know as well as I, what t' *Elisa* is due,
Be much more deserving, but never less true.

Whilst I, disengag'd from all amorous Cares,
Sweet Liberty tasting,
On calmest Peace feasting,

Employing my Reason to dry up my Tears,
In hopes of Heaven's Bliss I'll spend my few Years.

Ye

Ye Powers that preside o'er vertuous Love,
 Come aid me with Patience,
 To bear my Vexations;
 With equal Desires my flutt'ring Heart move,
 With Sentiments purest my Notions improve.
 If Love in his Fetters e'er catch me again,
 May Courage protect me,
 And Prudence direct me;
 Prepar'd for all Fates, remembering the Swain,
 Who grew happily wise, after loving in vain.

Rob's Jock. *A very auld Ballad.*

ROB's Jock came to woo our Jenny,
 On ae Feast-day when we were fou;
 She brankit fast, and made her bonny,
 And said, Jock, come ye here to woo?
 She burnist her baith Breast and Brou,
 And made her clear as ony Clock;
 Then spak her Dame, and said, I trou
 Ye come till woo our Jenny, Jock.
 Jock said, Forsuith, I yern fu' fain,
 To luk my Head, and sit down by you:
 Then spak her Minny, and said again,
 My Bairn has Tocher enough to gie you.
 Tchie! go Jenny, kick, kick, I see you:
 Minny, yon Man makes but a Mock.
 Deil hae the Liars--fu leis me o' you,
 I come to view your Jenny, go Jock.
 My Bairn has Tocher of her awin;
 A Guse, a Gryce, a Cock and Hen,
 A Stirk, a Straig, an Acre sawin,
 A Bakkbread and a Bannock-stane;

A Pig,

A Pig, a Pot, and a Kirn there-ben,
A Kame but and a Kaming-stock ;
With Coags and Luggies nine or ten :
Come ye to woo our *Jenny, Jock* ?

A Wecht, a Peet-creel and a Cradle,
A Pair of Clips, a Graip, a Flail,
An Ark, an Ambry, and a Ladle,
A Milsie, and a Sowen-pale,
A rousty Whittle to sheer the Nail,
And a Timber Mell the Bear to knock,
Twa Shells made of an auld Fir-dale:
Come ye to woo our *Jenny, Jock* ?

A Furm, a Furler, and a Peck,
A Rock, a Reel, and a Wheel-band,
A Tub, a Barrow, and a Seck,
A Spurtil braid, and an Elwand.
Then *Jock* took *Jenny* by the Hand,
And cry'd, A Feast ! and slew a Cock,
And made a Brydal upo' Land.
Now have I got your *Jenny*, go *Jock*.

Now, Dame, I have your Doughter marry'd,
And tho' ye mak it ne'er sae tough,
I let you wit she's nae miscarry'd,
It's well kend I have Gear enough :
Ane auld gawd Gloyd fell owre a Heugh,
A Spade, a Speet, a Spur, a Sock ;
Withouren Owfen I have a Pleugh :
May that no ser your *Jenny*, go *Jock* ?

A Treen Truncher, a Ram-horn Spoon,
Twa Buits of barker blasint Leather,
A' Graith that ganes to coble Shoon,
And a Thrawcruik to twyne a Teather :

Twa Croks that moup amaug the Heather,
 A Pair of Branks, and a Fetter Lock,
 A tough Purse made of a Swine's Blather,
 To had your Tocher, *Jenny*, go *Jock*.

Good Elding for our Winter Fire,
 A Cod of Caff wad fill a Cradle,
 A Rake of Iron to clar the Bire,
 A Deuk about the the Dubs to padle,
 The Pannel of an auld Led-saddle,
 And *Rob* my Eem hetcht me a Stock,
 Twa lusty Lips to lick a Ladle.
 May thir no gane your *Jenny*, go *Jock*?

A Pair of Hames and Brechom fine,
 And without Bitts a Bridle-renzie,
 A Sark made of the Linkome Twine,
 A gray green Cloak that will not stenzie;
 Mair yet in Store---I needna fenzie,
 Five hundred Flaes, a fendy Flock;
 And are not they a wakrife Menzie,
 To gae to Bed with *Jenny* and *Jock*?

Tak thir for my Part of the Feast,
 It is well knawin I am weel boden :
 Ye need not say my Part is least,
 Wer they as meikle as they'r lodin.
 The Wife speerd gin the Kail was soden,
 When we have done, tak hame the Brok ;
 The Rost was tough as Raploch Hodin,
 With which they feasted *Jenny* and *Jock*.



Song.

Song.

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Song. Tune of, A Rock and a wee pickle Tow.

I Have a green Purse and a wee pickle Gowd,
A bonny Piece Land and Planting on't,
It fattens my Flocks, and my Bairns it has stow'd ;
But the best Thing of a's yet wanting on't:

To grace it, and trace it,
And gi'e me Delight;
To bless me, and kiss me,
And comfort my Sight,

With Beauty by Day, and Kindness by Night,
And nae mair my lane gang fauntring on't.

My *Christy* she's charming and good as she's fair;
Her Een and her Mouth are enchanting sweet,
She smiles me on Fire, her Frowns gi'e Despair:

I love while my Heart gaes panting wi't.

Thou fairest, and dearest,
Delight of my Mind,
Whose gracious Embraces
By Heaven were design'd,

For happiest Transports, and Bliss'es refin'd,
Nae langer delay thy granting Sweet.

For thee bonny *Christy*, my Shepherds and Hynds,
Shall carefully make the Years Dainties thine:

Thus freed frae laigh Care, while Love fills our Minds:

Our Days shall with Pleasure and Plenty shine.

Then hear me, and chear me,
With smiling Consent,
Believe me, and give me
No Cause to lament,

Since I ne'er can be happy, till thou say, *Content*,
I'm pleas'd with my Jamie, and be shall be mine.

Song.

Song.

Song. To its ain Tune.

ALTHO' I be but a Country Lass,
 Yet a lofty Mind I bear --- O,
 And think my sell as good as those
 That rich Apparel wear --- O.
 Altho' my Gown be hame-spun Gray,
 My Skin it is as fast --- O,
 As them that Sair Weeds do wear,
 And carry their Heads aloft ---- O.
 What tho' I keep my Father's Sheep?
 The thing that must be done --- O,
 With Garlands of the finest Flowers,
 To shade me frae the Sun --- O.
 When they are feeding pleasantly,
 Where Grass and Flowers do spring -- O,
 Then on a flow'ry Bank at Noon
 I set me down and sing ---- O.
 My Paisly Piggy, cork'd with Sage,
 Constrains my Drink but thin --- O:
 No Wines do e'er my Brain enrage,
 Or tempt my Mind to Sin --- O.
 My Country Curds, and Wooden Spoon,
 I think them unco fine ---- O,
 And on a flow'ry Bank at Noon
 I set me down and dine --- O.
 Akho' my Parents cannot raise
 Great Baggs of shining Gold --- O,
 Like them whase Daughters, now-a-days,
 Like Swine are bought and sold ---- O;
 Yet my fair Body it shall keep
 An honest Heart within --- O,
 And for twice fifty thousand Crowns,
 I value not a Prin --- O.

I use

I use nae Gums upon my Hair,
Nor Chains about my Neck --- O,
Nor thining Rings upon my Hands,
My Fingers straight to deck --- O;
But for that Lad to me shall fa',
And I have Grace to wed --- O,
I'll keep a Jewel worth them a',
I mean my Maiden-head ---- O.

If canny Fortune give to me,
The Man I dearly love ---- O,
Tho' we want Gear, I dinna care,
My Hands I can improve ---- O.
Expecting for a Blessing still,
Descending from above --- O,
Then we'll embrace and sweetly kifs,
Repeating Tales of Love ---- O.

Waly, waly, gin Love be bonny.

O Waly, waly, up the Bank,
And waly, waly, down the Brae,
And waly, waly, yon Burn-side,
Where I and my Love went to gae.
I lean'd my Back unto Aik,
I thought it was a trusty Tree,
But first it bow'd and syne it brak,
Sae my true Love did lightly me.

O waly, waly, but Love be bonny,
A little Time while it is new,
But when 'tis auld it waxeth cauld,
And fades away like the Morning-Dew.

I use

O where-

O wherefore shou'd I busk my Head ?
 Or wherefore should I kame my Hair ?
 For my true Love has me forfook,
 And says he'll never love me mair.

Now *Arthur-Seat* shall be my Bed,
 The Sheets shall ne'er be fyl'd by me,
 Saint *Anton's* Well shall be my Drink,
 Since my true Love has forsaken me.
Martinmas Wind, when wilt thou blaw,
 And shake the green Leaves off the Tree ?
 O gentle Dearth, when wilt thou come ?
 For of my Life I am weary.

'Tis not the Frost that freezes fell,
 Nor blawing Snaw's Inclemency ;
 'Tis not sic Cauld that makes me cry,
 But my Love's Heart grown cauld to me.
 When we came in by *Glasgow* Town,
 We were a comely Sight to see ;
 My Love was cled in the black Velvet,
 And I my sell in Cramasie.

But had I wist before I kifs'd,
 That Love had been sae ill to win,
 I'd lock'd my Heart in a Case of Gold,
 And pinn'd it with a Silver Pin.
 Oh ! Oh ! if my young Babe were born,
 And set upon the Nurse's Knee,
 And I my sell were dead and gane,
 For a Maid again I'll never be.



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*On the Marriage of the Right Honourable
L--- G--- and L--- K--- C--- A Song.
Tune of, The Highland Laddie.*

Brigantius. **N**OW all thy Virgin-sweets are
mine,
And all the shining Charms that grace thee;
My fair *Melinda* come recline
Upon my Breast, while I embrace thee,
And tell without dissembling Art
My happy Raptures on thy Bosom:
Thus will I plant within thy Heart
A Love that shall for ever blossom.

CHORUS.

*O the happy, happy, brave and bonny,
Sure the Gods well pleas'd behold ye;
Their Work admire, so great, so fair,
And well in all your Joys uphold ye.*

Melinda. No more I blush, now that I'm thine,
To own my Love in Transport tender,
Since that so brave a Man is mine,
To my *Brigantius* I surrender.
By sacred Ties I'm now to move,
As thy exalted Thoughts direct me;
And while my Smiles engage thy Love,
Thy manly Greatness shall protect me.
O the happy, &c.

Brigantius. Soft fall thy Words, like Morning-dew,
New Life on blowing Flowers bestowing:
Thus kindly yielding makes me bow
To Heaven, with Spirit grateful glowing.

N

My

My Honour, Courage, Wealth and Wit,
 Thou dear Delight, my chiefest Treasure,
 Shall be employ'd as thou thinks fit,
 As Agents for our Love and Pleasure.
O the happy, &c.

Melinda. With my *Brigantius* I could live
 In lonely Cotts, beside a Mountain,
 And Nature's easy Wants relieve,
 With Shepherds Fare, and quaff the Fountain.
 What pleases thee, the rural Grove,
 Or Congress of the Fair and Witty,
 Shall give me Pleasure with thy Love,
 In Plains retir'd, or social City.
O the happy, &c.

Brigantius. How sweetly canst thou charm my Soul,
 O lovely Sum of my Desires!
 Thy Beauties all my Cares controul,
 Thy Virtue all that's Good inspires.
 Tune every Instrument of Sound,
 Which all the Mind divinely raises,
 Till every Height and Dale rebound,
 Both loud and sweet, my Darling's Praises.
O the happy, &c.

Melinda. Thy Love gives me the brightest Shine,
 My Happiness is now compleated,
 Since all that's generous, great and fine,
 In my *Brigantius* is united!
 For which I'll study thy Delight,
 With kindly Tale the Time beguiling,
 And round the Change of Day and Night;
 Fix throughout Life a constant Smiling.
O the happy, &c.

Song.

*Song. Tune of, Woes my Heart that we shou'd
sunder.*

A DIEU ye pleasant Sports and Plays,
Farewel each Song that was diverting;
Love tunes my Pipe to mournful Lays,
I sing of *Delia* and *Damon's* Parting.

Long had he lov'd, and long conceal'd,
The dear tormenting pleasant Passion,
Till *Delia's* Mildness had prevail'd
On him to shew his Inclination.

Just as the Fair One seem'd to give
A patient Ear to his Love Story,
Damon must his *Delia* leave,

To go in Quest of toilsome Glory.

Half-spoken Words hung on his Tongue,
Their Eyes refus'd the usual Meeting;
And Sighs supply'd their wonted Songs,
These charming Sounds were chang'd to weeping.

Dear Idol of my Soul, adieu:

Cease to lament, but ne'er to love me,
While *Damon* lives, he lives for you,
No other Charms shall ever move me.

Alas! who knows, when parted far
From *Delia*, but you may deceive her?
The Thought destroys my Heart with Care,
Adieu, my Dear, I fear for ever.

If ever I forget my Vows,
May then my Guardian-angel leave me:
And more to aggravate my Woes,
Be you so good as to forgive me.

O'er the Hills and far away.

JOCKY met with *Jenny* fair,
 Aft be the Dawing of the Day;
 But *Jocky* now is fu' of Care,
 Since *Jenny* staw his Heart away:
 Altho' she promis'd to be true,
 She proven has, alake! unkind;
 Which gars poor *Jocky* aften rue,
 That he e'er loo'd a fickle Mind.
 And it's o'er the Hills and far away,
 It's o'er the Hills and far away,
 It's o'er the Hills and far away,
 The Wind has blawn my Plaid away.

Now *Jocky* was a bonny Lad,
 As e'er was born in Scotland fair;
 But now, poor Man, he's e'en gane wood,
 Since *Jenny* has gart him despair:
 Young *Jocky* was a Piper's Son,
 And fell in Love when he was young;
 But a' the Springs that he cou'd play,
 Was *O'er the Hills and far away,*
 And it's o'er the Hills, &c.

He sung---- When first my *Jenny's* Face
 I saw, she seem'd sae fu' of Grace,
 With meikle Joy my Heart was fill'd,
 That's now alas! with Sorrow kill'd.
 Oh! was she but as true as fair,
 'Twad put an End to my Despair.
 Instead of that she is unkind,
 And wavers like the Winter-wind.
 And it's o'er the Hills, &c.

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Ah! cou'd she find the dismal Wae,
That for her Sake I undergae,
She cou'd nae chuse but grant Relief,
And put an End to a' my Grief:
But oh! she is as fause as fair,
Which causes a' my Sighs and Care
But the triumphs in proud Disdain,
And takes a Pleasure in my Pain.

And it's o'er the Hills, &c.

Hard was my Hap, to fa' in Love,
With ane that does sae faithless prove,
Hard was my Fate to court a Maid,
That has my constant Heart betray'd.
A thousand Times to me she sware,
She wad be true for ever mair;
But to my Grief, alake! I say,
She staw my Heart and ran away.

And it's o'er the Hills, &c.

Since that she will nae Pity take,
I maun gae wander for her sake,
And, in ilk Wood and gloomy Grove,
I'll sighing sing, Adieu to Love,
Since she is fause whom I adore,
I'll never trust a Woman more:
Frae a' their Charms I'll flee away,
And on my Pipe I'll sweetly play,
*O'er Hills and Dales and far away,
Out o'er the Hills and far away,
Out o'er the Hills and far away
The Wind has blawn my Plaid away.*

Jenny Nettles.

SAW ye *Jenny Nettles*,
Jenny Nettles, Jenny Nettles,
 Saw ye *Jenny Nettles*,
 Coming frae the Market;
 Bag and Baggage on her Back,
 Her Fee and Bountich in her Lap;
 Bag and Baggage on her Back,
 And a Baby in her Oxtar.

I met ayont the Kairny,
 Jenny Nettles, Jenny Nettles:
 Singing till her Bairny,
 Robin Rattle's Bastard;
 To flee the Dool upon the Stool,
 And ilka ane that mocks her,
 She round about seeks *Robin* out,
 To stap it in his Oxtar.

Fy, fy! *Robin Rattle*,
 Robin Rattle, Robin Rattle;
 Fy, fy! *Robin Rattle*,
 Use *Jenny Nettles* kindly:
 Score out the Blame, and shun the Shame,
 And without mair Debate o't,
 Take hame your Wain, make *Jenny* fain,
 The leel and leasome Gate o't.

Jocky's fou and Jenny's fain.

JOCKY fou, *Jenny* fain,
Jenny was nae ill to gain,
 She was couthly, he was kind,
 And thus the Wooer told his Mind.

Jenny,

Jenny, I'll nae mair be nice,
Gi'e me Love at ony Price;
I winna prig for red or white,
Love alane can gi'e Delight.

Others seek they kenna whar,
In Looks, in Carriage, and a' that;
Give me Love, for her I court:
Love in Love makes a' the Sport.

Colours mingl'd unco fine,
Common Motives lang finsyue,
Never can engage my Love,
Until my Fancy first approve.

It is not Meat, but Appetite,
That makes our Eating a Delight;
Beauty is at best Deceit;
Fancy only kens nae Cheat.

Leader Haughs *and* Yarrow.

WHEN *Phæbus* bright the Azure Skies
With golden Rays enlightneth,
He makes all Nature's Beauties rise,
Herbs, Trees and Flowers he quickneth:
Amongst all those he makes his Choice,
And with Delight goes thorow,
With radiant Beams, and Silver Streams,
Are *Leader Haughs and Yarrow*.

When *Aries* the Day and Night
In equal Length divideth,
Auld frosty *Saturn* takes his Flight,
Nae langer he abideth:

Then *Flora* Queen, with Mantle Green,
 Casts aff her former Sorrow,
 And vows to dwell with *Ceres'* fell
 In *Leader Haughs* and *Yarrow*.

Pan playing on his Aiten Reed,
 And Shepherds him attending,
 Do here resort their Flocks to feed,
 The Hills and Haughs commending:
 With Cur and Kent upon the Bent,
 Sing to the Sun, Good-morrow,
 And swear nae Fields mair Pleasures yield,
 Than *Leader Haughs* and *Yarrow*.

An *House* there stands on *Leader Side*,
 Surmounting my describing,
 With Rooms sac rare, and Windows fair,
 Like *Dadalus'* contriving:
 Men passing by, do aften cry,
 In sooth it hath nae Marrow;
 It stands as sweet on *Leader Side*,
 As *Newark* does on *Yarrow*.

A Mile below wha lists to ride,
 They'll hear the Mavis singing;
 Into St. *Leonard's* Banks she'll bide,
 Sweet Birksher Head o'er-hinging:
 The Lintwhite loud, and *Progne* proud,
 With tuneful Throats and narrow,
 Into St. *Leonard's* Banks they sing,
 As sweetly as in *Yarrow*.

The Lapwing liketh o'er the Lee,
 With nimble Wing he sporteth,
 But vows she'll flee far frae the Tree
 Where *Philomel* resorteth:

By

By Break of Day, the Lark can say,
I'll bid you a Good-morrow,
I'll streek my Wing, and mounting sing,
O'er *Leader Haughs* and *Yarrow*.

Park, *Wantan-waws* and *Wooden-cleugh*,
The East and Western *Mainfes*,
The Wood of *Lauder's* fair enough,
The Corns are good in *Blainshes*:
Where Aits are fine, and fald be kind,
That if ye searh all thorow
Mearns, *Buchan*, *Mar*, nane better are
Than *Leader Haughs* and *Yarrow*.

In *Burn Mill-bog* and *Whitflade* Shaws,
The fearful Hare the hunterh,
Brig-haugh and *Braidwood* sheil she knaws,
And *Chaple-wood* frequenteth:
Yet when she irks, to *Kaidfly* Birks
She rins, and fighs for Sorrow,
That she shou'd leave sweet *Leader Haughs*,
And cannot win to *Yarrow*.

What sweeter Musick wad ye hear,
Than Hounds and Beigles crying?
The started Hare rins hard with Fear,
Upon her Speed relying;
But yet her Strength it fails at length,
Nae Beilding can she borrow
In *Sorrel's* Field, *Cleckman* or *Hag's*,
And fighs to be in *Yarrow*.

For *Rockwood*, *Ringwood*, *Spoty*, *Shag*,
With Sight and Scent pursue her,
Till ah! her Pith begins to flag,
Nae Cunning can rescue her.

O'er

O'er Dub and Dyke, o'er Seugh and Syke
 She'll rin the Fields all thorow,
 'Till fail'd she fa's in *Leader Haughs*,
 And bids farewel to *Yarrow*.

Sing *Erslington* and *Cowdenknows*,
 Where *Homes* had anes commanding;
 And *Drygrange* with thy Milk-white Ews,
 'Twixt *Tweed* and *Leader* standing:
 The Bird that flees throw *Reedpath* Trees,
 And *Gledswood* Banks ilk Morrow,
 May chant and sing, sweet *Leader Haughs*,
 And bonny Howms of *Yarrow*.

But Minstrel *Burn* cannot assuage
 His Grief, while Life endureth,
 To see the Changes of this Age,
 That fleeting Time procureth;
 For mony a Place stands in hard Case,
 Where blyth Fowk ken nae Sorrow,
 With *Homes* that dwelt on *Leader* Side,
 And *Scots* that dwelt on *Yarrow*.

For the Sake of Somebody.

FOR the Sake of Somebody,
 For the Sake of Somebody,
 I cou'd wake a Winter-Night,
 For the Sake of Somebody:
 I am gawn to seek a Wife,
 I am gawn to buy a Plaidy;
 I have three Stane of Woo,
 Carling, is thy Daughter ready?
For the Sake, &c.

Betty,

Betty, Lassy, say't thy sell,
 Tho' thy Dame be ill to shoo,
 First we'll buckle, then we'll tell,
 Let her flyte and syne come too:
 What signifies a Mither's Gloom,
 When Love and Kisses come in Play?
 Shou'd we wither in our Blooin,
 And in Simmer make nae Hay?
For the Sake, &c.

She. Bony Lad, I carena by,
 Tho' I try my Luck with thee,
 Since ye are content to tye
 The Haff-mark Bridal Band wi' me;
 I'll slip hame and wash my Feet,
 And steal on Linnings fair and clean,
 Syne at the tryfing Place we'll meet,
 To do but what my Dame has done.
For the Sake, &c.

He. Now my lovely *Betty* gives
 Consent in sic a heartsome Gate,
 It me frae a' my Care relieves,
 And Doubts that gart me aft look blate;
 Then let us gang and get the Grace,
 For they that have an Appetite
 Shou'd eat;--and Lovers should embrace;
 If these be Faults, 'tis Nature's Wyte.
For the Sake, &c.

Norland Jocky and Southland Jenny.

A Southland *Jenny* that was right bony,
 Had for a Suitor a Norland *Johny*;
 But he was sican a bathfu' Woer,
 That he cou'd scarcely speak unto her,

Till

Betty,

Till Blinks of her Beauty, and Hopes o'er Siller,
 Forc'd him at last to tell his Mind till her;
 My Dear, quoth he, we'll nae langer tarry,
 Gin ye can loo me, let's o'er the March, and marry.

She. Come, come away then, my Norland Laddie,
 Tho' we gang nearly, some are mair gaudy;
 And albeit I have neither Gowd nor Money,
 Come and I'll ware my Beauty on thee.

He. Ye Lassies of the South, ye'r a' for dressing,
 Lassies of the North mind Milking and Threshing;
 My Minny wad be angry, and fac wad my Dady,
 Shou'd I marry ane as dink as a Lady.
 For I maun hae a Wife that will rise in the Morning,
 Crudle a' the Milk, and keep the House a scauldin',
 Toolie with her Nibours, and learn at my Minny,
 A Norland *Jocky* maun hae a Norland *Jenny*.

She. My Father's only Doughter and Twenty Thou-
 sand Pound,
 Shall never be bestow'd on sic a silly Clown;
 For a' that I said, was to try what was in ye.
 Gae hame ye Norland *Jock*, and court your Nor-
 land *Jenny*.

The auld Yellow-hair'd Laddie.

THE Yellow-hair'd Laddie sat down on yon
 Brae,
 Crys, milk the Ews Lassy, let nane of them gae;
 And ay she milked, and ay she sang,
The Yellow-hair'd Laddie shall be my Good-man.
'And ay she milked, &c.

The

The Weather is cauld, and my Claithing is thin;
The Ews are new clipped, they winna bught in;
They winna bught in tho' I thou'd die,
O Yellow-hair'd Laddie, be kind to me:

They winna bught in, &c.

The Good-wife cries butt the House, *Jenny*, come
ben,

The Cheefe is to mak, and the Butter's to kirn.
Tho' Butter, and Cheefe, and a' thou'd sour,
I'll crack and kifs wi' my Love ae haff Hour;
It's ae haff Hour, and we's e'en mak it three,
For the Yellow-hair'd Laddie my Husband shall be.

*Part of an Epilogue sung after the acting of the
Orphan and Gentle Shepherd in Taylors-hall,
by a Set of young Gentlemen, January 22. 1729.
Tune of, Bessy bell.*

THUS let us study Night and Day,
To fit us for our Station,
That when we're Men we Parts may play
Are useful to our Nation.
For now's the Time, when we are young
To fix our Views on Merit,
Water its Buds, and make the Tongue
And Action suit the Spirit.

This all the Fair and Wise approve,
We know it by your Smiling,
And while we gain Respect and Love,
Our Studies are not toiling.
Such Application gives Delight,
And in the End proves gainful,
Tho' mony a dark and lifeless Wight
May think it hard and painful.

Then

Then never let us think our Time
 And Care, when thus employed,
 Are thrown away, but deem't a Crime,
 When Youth's by Sloth destroyed ;
 'Tis only active Souls can rise
 To Fame and all thar's splendid,
 And Favour in these conquering Eyes,
 'Gainst whom no Heart's defended.

*The generous Gentleman. A Song. Tune of, The
 bonny Lads of Brankfome.*

AS I came in by Tiviot-side,
 And by the Braes of Brankfome,
 There first I saw my bonny Bride,
 Young, smiling, sweet and handsome ;
 Her Skin was faster than the Down,
 And white as Alabaster ;
 Her Hair a shining wavy Brown ;
 In Straightness nane surpast her.

Life glow'd upon her Lip and Cheek,
 Her clear Een were surprising,
 And beautifully turn'd her Neck,
 Her little Breasts just rising :
 Nae Silken Hose, with Gooishets fine,
 Or Shoon with glancing Laces,
 On her fair Leg forbad to shine
 Well shapen native Graces.

Ae little Coat, and Bodice white,
 Was sum of a' her Claithing ;
 Even these o'er mickle ;--- mair Delyte
 She'd given cled wi' naithing :

She

She lean'd upon a flow'ry Brae,
By which a Burny trotted;
On her I glowr'd my Saul away,
While on her Sweets I doated.

A thousand Beauties of Desert,
Before had scarce alarm'd me.
'Till this dear Artless struck my Heart,
And bot designing, charm'd me.
Hurry'd by Love, close to my Breast,
I grasp'd this Fund of Blithes;
Wha smil'd, and said, without a Priest,
Sir, hope for nought but Kisses.

I had nae Heart to do her Harm,
And yet I coudna want her;
What she demanded, ilka Charm
Of hers pled, I should grant her;
Since Heaven had dealt to me a Rowth,
Straight to the Kirk I led her,
There plighted her my Faith and Trowth,
And a young Lady made her.

The Happy Clown.

HOW happy is the rural Clown,
Who, far remov'd from Noise of Town,
Contemns the Clory of a Crown,
And in his safe Retreat,
Is pleas'd with his low Degree,
Is rich in decent Poverty,
From Strife, from Care, and Bus'ness free,
At once baith good and great?

No Drums disturb his Morning Sleep,
He fears no Danger of the Deep,
Nor noisy Law, nor Courts ne'er heap

Veraxion on his Mind :

No Trumpets rouse him to the War,
No Hopes can bribe, no Threats can dare ;
From State Intrigues he holds afar,
And liveth unconfin'd.

Like those in golden Ages born,
He labours gently to adorn
His small paternal Fields of Corn,
And on their Product feeds :
Each Season of the wheeling Year,
Industrious he improves with Care ;
And still some ripen'd Fruits appear,
So well his Toil succeeds.

Now by a Silver Stream he lies,
And angles with his Baits and Flies,
And next the sylvan Scene he tries,
His Spirits to regal :
Now from the Rock or Height he views
His fleecy Flock, or teeming Cows,
Then tunes his Reed, or tries his Muse,
That waits his honest Call.

Amidst his harmless easy Joys,
No Care his Peace of Mind destroys,
Nor does he pass his Time in Toys
Beneath his just Regard :
He's fond to feel the Zephyr's Breeze,
To plant and snew his tender Trees ;
And for attending well his Bees,
Enjoys the sweet Reward.

The flowry Meads, and silent Coves,
The Scenes of faithful rural Loves,
And warbling Birds on blooming Groves,
Afford a with'd Delight:
But O! how pleasant is this Life,
Blest with a chaste and virtuous Wife,
And Children prattling, void of Strife,
Around his Fire at Night?

Willy was a wanton Wag.

WILLY was a wanton Wag,
The blythest Lad that e'er I saw,
At Bridals still he bore the brag,
And carried ay the Gree awa:
His Dublet was of *Zetland* Shag,
And wow! but *Willy* he was braw,
And at his Shouder hang a Tag,
That pleas'd the Lasses best of a'.

He was a Man without a Clag,
His Heart was frank without a Flaw,
And ay whatewer *Willy* said,
It was still hadden as a Law.
His Boots they were made of the Jag,
When he went to the Weapon-shaw,
Upon the Green nane durst him brag,
The Fiend a ane amang them a'.

And was not *Willy* well worth Gowd?
He wan the Love of great and sma';
For after he the Bride had kiss'd,
He kiss'd the Lasses halefale a'.

Sae merrily round the Ring they row'd,
 When be the Hand he led them a',
 And Smack on Smack on them bestow'd,
 By Virtue of a standing Law.

And was na *Willy* a great Lown,
 As shyre a Lick as e'er was seen?
 When he danc'd with the Lassies round,
 The Bridegroom speer'd where he had been.
Quoth Willy, I've been at the Ring:
 With bobbing, Faith, my Shanks are fair;
 Gae ca' your Bride and Maidens in,
 For *Willy* he dow do nae mair.

Then rest ye, *Willy*, I'll gae out,
 And for a wee fill up the Ring.
 But, Shame light on his souple Snout,
 He wanted *Willy's* wanton Flmg.
 Then straight he to the Bride did fare,
 Says, Weel's me on your bonny Face,
 With bobbing *Willy's* Shanks are fair,
 And I am come to fill his Place.

Bridegroom, she says, you'll spoil the Dance,
 And at the Ring you'll ay be lag,
 Unless, like *Willy*, ye advance;
 (O! *Willy* has a wanton Leg)
 For wi't he learns us a' to steer,
 And formast ay bears up the Ring;
 We will find nae sic Dancing here,
 If we want *Willy's* wanton Flmg.



Clelia's Reflections on her self for slighting Philander's Love. Tune of, The Gallant Shoe-maker.

YOUNG Philander woo'd me lang,
 But I was peevish, and forbad him,
 I wadna tent his loving Sang,
 But now I wish, I wish I had him :
 Ilk Morning when I view my Glas,
 Then I perceive my Beauty going ;
 And when the Wrinkles seize the Face,
 Then we may bid Adieu to wooing.

My Beauty, anes so much admir'd,
 I find it fading fast, and flying ;
 My Cheeks, which Coral-like appear'd,
 Grow pale, the broken Blood decaying :
 Ah ! we may see our selves to be
 Like Summer-fruit that is unshaken,
 When ripe, they soon fall down and die,
 And by Corruption quickly taken.

Use then your Time, ye Virgins fair,
 Employ your Day before 'tis evil ;
 Fifteen is a Season rare,
 But Five and Twenty is the Devil.
 Just when ripe, consent unto't,
 Hug nae mair your lanely Pillow ;
 Women are like other Fruit,
 They lose their Relish when too mellow

If Opportunity be lost,
 You'll find it hard to be regained ;
 Which now I may tell to my Cost,
 Tho' but my sell nane can be blamed ;

If then your Fortune you respect,
 Take the Occasion when it offers ;
 Nor a true Lover's Suit neglect,
 Lest ye be scoff'd for being Scoffers.

I, by his fond Expressions, thought
 That in his Love he'd ne'er prove changing ;
 But now, alas ! 'tis turn'd to nought,
 And, past my Hope, he's gane a ranging.
 Dear Maidens, then take my Advice,
 And let na Coynefs prove your Ruin ;
 For if ye be o'er foolish nice,
 Your Suitors will give over wooing.

Then *Maidens auld* you nam'd will be,
 And in that fretfu' Rank be number'd,
 As lang as Life ; and when ye die,
 With leading Apes be ever cumber'd :
 A Punishment, and hated Brand,
 With which nane of us are contented ;
 Then be not wise behind the Hand,
 That the Mistake may be prevented.

*The Young Ladie's Thanks to the Repenting Virgin,
 for her seasonable Advice.*

O Virgin kind ! we canna tell
 How many many Thanks we owe you,
 For pointing out to us so well
 These very Rocks that did o'erthrow you ;
 And we your Lesson sae shall mind,
 That e'en tho' a' our Kin had swore it,
 E'er we shall be an Hour behind,
 We'll take a Year or twa before it.

We'll

We'll catch all Winds blaw in our Sails,
 And still keep out our Flag and Pinnet;
 If young *Philander* anes assails
 To storm Love's Fort, then he shall win it.
 We may indced for Modesty,
 Present our Forces for Resistance;
 But we shall quickly lay them by,
 And contribute to his Assistance.

*The Step-Daughter's Relief. Tune of, The Kirk
 wad let me be.*

I Was anes a well-tocher'd Lafs,
 My Mither left Dollars to me;
 But now I'm brought to a poor Pafs,
 My Step-dame has gart them flee.
 My Farther he's aften frae hame,
 And she plays the Deel with his Gear;
 She neither has Lateth nor Shame,
 And keeps the hale House in a Steer

She's barmy-fac'd, thriftless and bauld,;
 And gars me aft fret and repine;
 While hungry, haf naked and cauld,
 I see her destroy whar's mine:
 But soon I might hope a Revenge,
 And soon of my Sorrows be free,
 My Poortooth to Plenty wad change,
 If she were hung up on a Tree.

Quoth *Ringan*, wha lang time had loo'd
 This bonny Lafs tenderly,
 I'll take thee, sweet *May*, in thy Snood,
 Gif thou wilt gae hame with me.

O 3

'Tis

'Tis only your sell that I want,
 Your Kindness is better to me,
 Than a' that your Step-mother, scant
 Of Grace, now has taken frae thee.

I'm but a young Farmer, it's true,
 And ye are the Sprout of a Laird;
 But I have Milk-cattle enew,
 And rowth of good Rucks in my Yard;
 Ye fall have naithing to fath ye,
 Sax Servants fall jouk to thee:
 Then kilt up thy Coats, my Lassie,
 And gae thy Ways hame with me.

The Maiden her Reason imploy'd,
 Not thinking the Offer amils,
 Consented;--- while *Ringan* o'er-joy'd,
 Receiv'd her with mony a Kiss.
 And now she sits blythly singan,
 And joking her drunken Step-dame,
 Delighted with her dear *Ringan*,
 That makes her Good-wife at hame.

Jeany, where has thou been?

O *Jeany Jeany*, where has thou been?
 Father and Mother are seeking of thee.
 Ye having been ranting, playing the Wanton,
 Keeping of *Focky Company*.
 O Betty, I've been to hear the Mill clack,
 Getting Meal ground for the Family,
 As fow as it gade I brang hame the Sack,
 For the Miller has taken nae Mowter frae me.

Ha!

Ha! *Jeany, Jeany*, there's Meal on your Back,
 The Miller's a wanton Billy, and flee,
 Tho' Victual's come hame again hale, what reck,
 I fear he has taken his Mowter off thee.
And Betty, ye spread your Linnen to bleech,
When that was done, where cou'd you be?
Ha! Laffs, I saw you slip down the Hedge,
And wanton Willy was following thee.

Ay *Jeany, Jeany*, ye gade to the Kirk;
 But when it skail'd, where cou'd thou be?
 Ye came nae hame till it was mirk,
 They say the kissing Clerk came wi' ye.
 O silly Laffie, what will thou do?
 If thou grow great, they'll heez thee hie.
Look to your sell, if Jock prove true:
The Clerk s'ae Creepies will keep me free.

Song. Tune of, Last Time I came o'er the Moor.

YE blythest Lads, and Lassies gay,
 Hear what my Sang discloses.
 As I ae Morning sleeping lay,
 Upon a Bank of Roses,
 Young *Jamie* whisking o'er the Mead,
 By good Luck chanc'd to spy me;
 He took his Bonnet aff his Head,
 And saftly sat down by me.

Jamie tho' I right meikle priz'd,
 Yet now I wadna ken him;
 But with a Frown my Face disguis'd,
 And strave away to send him:

But fondly he still nearer prest,
 And by my Side down lying,
 His beating Heart thumped sae fast,
 I thought the Lad was dying.

But still resolving to deny,
 An angry Passion feigning,
 I aften roughly thot him by,
 With Words full of disdain.
 Poor *Jamie* bawk'd, nae Favour wins,
 Went aff much discontented ;
 But I in truth for a' my Sins
 Ne'er haf sae fair repented.

The Cock Laird.

A Cock Laird fou cadgie,
 With *Jenny* did meet,
 He haws'd her, he kifs'd her,
 And ca'd her his Sweet.
 Wilt thou gae alang
 Wi' me, *Jeany, Jeany* ?
 Thouse be my ain Lemmane,
 Jo *Jeany*, quoth he.

If I gae alang w'ye,
 Ye maunna fail,
 To feast me with Caddels
 And good Hacket-kail.
 The Deel's in your Nicety,
Jeany, quoth he,
 Mayna Bannocks of Bear-meal
 Be as good for thee.

And I maun hae Pinners,
 With Pearlings set round,
 A Skirt of Puddy,
 And a Waistcoat of Broun.

Awa



Awa with sic Vanities,
Jeany, quoth he,
 For Kurchies and Kirtles
 Are fitter for thee.

My Lairdship can yield me
 As meikle a Year,
 As had us in Pottage
 And good knockit Beer:
 But having nae Tenants,
 O *Jeany*, *Jeany*,
 To buy ought I ne'er have
 A Penny, quoth he.

The Borrowstoun Merchants
 Will sell ye on Tick,
 For we maun hae braw Things,
 Abeit they soud break.
 When broken, frae Care
 The Fools are set free,
 When we make them Lairds
 In the Abbey, quoth she.

The Soger Laddie.

MY Soger Laddie is over the Sea,
 And he will bring Gold and Money to me;
 And when he comes Hame, he'll make me a Lady,
 My Blessing gang with my Soger Laddie.

My doughty Laddie is handsome and brave,
 And can as a Soger and Lover behave;
 True to his Country, to Love he is steady,
 There's few to compare with my Soger Laddie.

Shield him, ye Angels, frae Death in Alarms,
 Return him with Lawrels to my langing Arms,
 Syne frae all Care ye'll pleasantly free me,
 When back to my Wilhes my Soger ye gi'e me.

O soon may his Honours bloom fair on his Brow,
 As quickly they must, if he get his due:
 For in noble Actions his Courage is ready,
 Which makes me delight in my Soger Laddie.

*On our Ladies being dressed in Scots Manufactory,
 at a publick Assembly. A Song. Tune of, O'er
 the Hills and far away.*

LET meaner Beauties use their Art,
 And range both *Indies* for their Dress;
 Our Fair can captivate the Heart,
 In native Weeds, nor look the less.
 More bright unborrow'd Beauties shine,
 The artless Sweetness of each Face
 Sparkles with Lustre more divine,
 When freed of ev'ry foreign Grace.

The tawny Nymph on scorching Plains,
 May use the Aid of Gems and Paint,
 Deck with Brocade and *Tyrian* Stains,
 Features of ruder Form and Taint.
 What *Caledonian* Ladies wear,
 Or from the Lint or Woollen Twine,
 Adorn'd by all their Sweets, appear
 Whate'er we can imagine fine.

Apparel neat becomes the Fair,
 The dirty Dress may Lovers cool,
 But clean, our Maids need have no Care,
 If clad in Linnen, Silk, or Wool.

T'adore

T' adore *Myrtilla* who can cease?
 Her *active Charms* our Praise demand,
 Clad in a *Mantua* from the Fleece,
 Spun by her own delightful Hand.

Who can behold *Calista's* Eyes,
 Her Breast, her Cheek, and snowy Arms,
 And mind what Artists can devise,
 To rival more superior Charms?
 Compar'd with thole, the Di'mond's dull,
 Lawns, Satins, and the Velvets fade,
 The Soul with her Attractions full
 Can never be by these betray'd.

Saphira, all o'er native Sweets,
 Not the false Glare of Dress regards,
 Her Wit, her Character compleats,
 Her Smile her Lovers Sighs rewards;
 When such first Beauties lead the Way,
 Th' inferior Rank will follow soon;
 Then Arts no longer shall decay,
 But Trade encouraged be in Tune.

Millions of Flecces shall be wove,
 And Flax that on the Valleys blooms,
 Shall make the naked Nations love,
 And bless the Labours of our Looms;
 We have enough, nor want from them
 But Trifles hardly worth our Care,
 Yet for these Trifles let them claim
 What Food and Cloath we have to spare.

How happy's *Scotland* in her Fair!
 Her amiable Daughters shall,
 By acting thus with virtuous Care,
 Again the Golden Age recal:

Enjoy-

Enjoying them, *Edina* ne'er
 Shall miss a Court; but soon advance
 In Wealth, when thus the Lov'd appear
 Around the Scenes, or in the Dance.

Barbarity shall yield to Sense,
 And lazy Pride to useful Arts,
 When such dear Angels, in Defence
 Of Virtue thus engage their Hearts.
 Blest Guardians of our Joys and Wealth,
 True Fountains of Delight and Love,
 Long bloom your Charms, fixt be your Health,
 Till tir'd with Earth, you mount above.

Hardyknute. *A Fragment of an old Heroick Ballad.*

Stately stept he East the Wa,
 And stately stept he West,
 Full Seventy Years he now had seen,
 With scarce Seven Years of Rest.
 He liv'd when *Britons* Breach of Faith
 Wrought *Scotland* meikle Wae:
 And ay his Sword tauld to their Cost,
 He was their deadly Fae.

Hie on a Hill his Castle stude,
 With Hall and Tours a-hight,
 And guidly Chambers fair to see,
 Where he lodg'd mony a Knight.
 His Dame sae peirless anes and fair,
 For Chast and Beauty deimt,
 Nae Marrow had in all the Land,
 Save *Elenor* the Queen.

Full Thirteen Sons to him she bare,
 All Men of Valour stout;
 In bluidy Fight, with Sword in Hand,
 Nyne lost their Lives bot doubt;
 Four yet remain, lang may they live
 To stand by Liege and Land:
 Hie was their Fame, hie was their Might,
 And hie was their Command.

Great Love they bear to *Fairly* fair,
 Their Sister saft and deir,
 Her Girdle shawd her Middle jimp,
 And gowden glist her Hair.
 What waefou Wae her Bewtie bred!
 Waefou to Young and Auld:
 Waefou I trow to Kyth and Kin,
 As Story ever tauld.

The King of *Norse* in Summer Tyde,
 Puft up with Pow'r and Might,
 Landed in fair *Scotland* the Isle,
 With mony a hardy Knight:
 The Tydings to our gude *Scots* King
 Came, as he sat at Dyne,
 With noble Chiefs in brave Aray,
 Drinking the Blude-red Wine.

" To Horfe, to Horfe, my Royal Liege,
 " Your Faes stand on the Strand,
 " Full Twenty thousand glittering Spears
 " The King of *Norse* commands.
Bring me my Steed, Madge, Dapple-gray,
 Our gude King raise, and cry'd;
A trustier Beast in all the Land
A Scots King never sey'd.

*Go little Page, tell Hardyknute ,
 That lives on Hill so bie,
 To draw his Sword, the Dread of Fae,
 And haste and follow me.
 The little Page flew swift as Dart
 Flung by his Master's Arm,
 Come down, come down, Lord Hardyknute,
 And redd your King frae Harm.*

*Then reid, reid grew his dark-brown Cheiks,
 Sae did his dark-brown Brow ;
 His Looks grew keen as they were wont
 In Dangers great to do ;
 He has tane a Horn as green as Grass,
 And gien five Sounds sae thrill,
 That Trees in green Wood thook thereat,
 Sae loud rang ilka Hill.*

*His Sons in manly Sport and Glie
 Had past that Summer's Morn,
 When lo down in a grassy Dale,
 They heard their Father's Horn.
 That Horn, quoth they, ne'er sounds in Peace,
 We have other Sport to byde ;
 And soon they heyd them up the Hill,
 And soon were at his Syde.*

*Late, late Yestreen I weind in Peace
 To end my lengthened Life,
 My Age might weil excuse my Arm
 Frae manly Feats of Strife ;
 But now that Norse does proudly boast
 Fair Scotland to inthrall,
 Its neir be said of Hardyknute,
 He fear'd to fight or fall.*

Robin of Rothlay, bend thy Bow,
 Thy Arrow shoot sae leil,
 Mony a comely Countenance
 They have turn'd to deidly Pale:
 Brade Thomas tak ye but your Lance,
 Ye need nae Weapons mair,
 Gif ye fight weit as ye did anes
 'Gainst Westmorland's fierce Heir.

Malcom, light of Foot as Stag
 That runs in Forest wyld,
 Get me my Thousands three of Men,
 Well bred to Sword and Shield:
 Bring me my Horse and Harnifine,
 My Blade of Mettal cleir;
 If Faes kend but the Hand it bare,
 They soon had fled for Fear.

Farewel my Dame, sae peirless good,
 And took her by the Hand,
 Fairer to me in Age you seem,
 Than Maids for Bewty fam'd:
 My youngest Son sall here remain
 To guard these stately Towirs,
 And shut the Silver Bolt that keeps
 Sae fast your painted Bowirs.

And first she wet her comely Cheiks,
 And then her Boddice green,
 Her Silken Cords of Twirtle Twist,
 Weil plett with Silver sheen;
 And Apron set with mony a Dice
 Of Needle-wark sae rare,
 Wove by nae Hand, as ye may guess,
 Save that of Fairly Fair.

And he has ridden owre Muir and Moss,
 Owre Hills and mony a Glen,
 When he came to a wounded Knight
 Making a heavy Mane;
Here maun I lye, here maun I dye,
By Treacheries false Gyles;
Witlefs I was that eir gave Faith
To wicked Womens Smyles.

Sir Knight, gin ye were in my Bowir,
To lean on Silken Seat,
My Lady's kindlie Care you'd prove,
Wha neir kend deidly Hate;
Hir self wald watch ye all the Day,
Hir Maids a deid of Nicht;
And Fairly fair your Heart wald cheir,
As she stands in your Sight.

Arise young Knight, and mount your Steid,
Full lowns the shynand Day,
Chuse frae my Menzie whom ye please
To lead ye on the Way.
 With smylefs Look and Visage wan,
 The wounded Knight reply'd,
Kynd Chiftain, your Intent pursue,
For beir I maun abyde.

To me nae after Day nor Night,
Can eir be sweit or fair,
But soon beneath some draping Tree
Could Death fall end my Care.
 With him nae Pleading might prevail,
 Brave Hardyknute to gain,
 With fairest Words and Reason strang,
 Strave courteously in vain.

Synce

Syne he has gane far hynd attowre,
 Lord *Chattan's* Land *sae* wyde,
 That Lord a worthy Wight was ay,
 When *Faes* his Courage seyde:
 Of *Pictish* Race by Mother's Syde,
 When *Picts* ruld *Caledon*,
 Lord *Chattan* claimd the Princely Maid,
 When he sav'd *Pictish* Crown.

Now with his fierce and stalwart Train
 He reach'd a rying Height,
 Whair braid encampit on the Dale,
Norse Army lay in Sight;
Yonder my valiant Sons and Feirs,
Our raging Revers wait
On the unconquer'd Scottish Swaird,
To try with us thair Fate.

Mak Orisons to him that sav'd
Our Souls upon the Rude,
Syne bravely shaw your Veins are fill'd
With Caledonian Blude.
 Then furth he drew his trusty Glaive,
 While Thousands all around,
 Drawn frae their Sheaths glanst in the Sun,
 And loud the Bougills found.

To join his King adoun the Hill
 In Hast his Merch he made,
 Whyle playand Pibrochs, Minstralls meit,
 Afore him stately strade.
Thryse welcom valiant Stoup of Weir,
The Nation's Sheild and Pryde;
The King nae Reason has to feir,
When thou art by his Syde.

Syne

P

When

RAMSAY'S COLLECTION

When Bows were bent, and Darts were thrawn,
 For thrang scarce could they flie,
 The Darts clove Arrows as they met,
 The Arrows dart the Trie.
 Lang did they range and fight full fierce,
 With little Skaith to Man,
 But bludy, bludy was the Field,
 Or that lang Day was done.

The King of Scots that findle brui'd
 The War that lookt like Play,
 Drew his braid Sword, and brake his Bow,
 Sen Bows seimt but Delay:
 Quoth noble *Rothsay*, *Myne I'll keip*,
I wate its bled a Score.
Hast up, my merry Men, cry'd the King,
 As he rade on before.

The King of *Norse* he sought to find,
 With him to mense the Fight,
 But on his Forehead there did light
 A sharp unsonsie Shaft;
 As he his Hand put up to find
 The Wound, an Arrow keen,
 O waeftou Chance! there pinn'd his Hand
 In midst between his Een.

Revenge, Revenge! cry'd *Rothsay's Heir*,
Your Mail-coat fall nocht byde
The Strength and Sharpness of my Dart;
 Then sent it through his Syde:
 Another Arrow wiel he mark'd,
 It pearc'd his Neck in twa,
 His Hands then quat the silver Reins,
 He laigh as Eard did fa'.

Sair

*Sair bleids my Liege, sair, sair he bleids.
Again with Might he drew
And Gesture dreid his sturdy Bow,
Fast the braid Arrow flew:
Wae to the Knight he ettled at,
Lament now Queen Elgreid,
Hie Dames to wail your Darling's Fall,
His Youth and comely Meid.*

*Take aff, take aff his costly Jupe
(Of Gold well was it twynd,
Knit like the Fowlers Net through which
His steilly Harnes thynd)
Take, Norie, that Gift frae me, and bid
Him venge the Blude it beirs;
Say, if he face my bended Bow,
He sure nae Weapon fears.*

*Proud Norse with Giant Body tall,
Braid Shoulders and Arms strong,
Cry'd, Where is Hardyknute, sae jam'd
And feird at Britain's Throne:
The Britons tremble at his Name,
I soon sall make him wail,
That eir my Sword was made sae sharp,
Sae saft his Coat of Mail.*

*That Brag his stout Heart could na byde,
It lent him youthful Might:
I'm Hardyknute, this Day, he cry'd,
To Scotland's King I heicht,
To lay thee law as Horses Hufe,
My Word I mean to keep.
Synce with the first Strake eir he strake,
He garrd his Body bleid.*

Norse ene lyke gray Goshawks staird wyld,
 He fight with Shame and Spyte;
Disgrac'd is now my far samd Arm
That lest thee Power to stryke:
 Then gave his Head a Blaw sae fell,
 It made him down to stoup,
 As law as he to Ladies us'd
 In courtly Gyse to lout.

Full soon he rais'd his bent Body,
 His Bow he marvell'd fair,
 Sen Blaws till then on him but darrd
 As Touch of *Fairly* fair:
Norse ferliet too as fair as he
 To see his stately Look,
 Sae soon as eir he strake a Fac,
 Sae soon his Lyfe he took.

Whair lyke a Fyre to Heiher set,
 Bauld *Thomas* did advance,
 A sturdy Fae with Look enrag'd
 Up towards him did prance!
 He spur'd his Steid throw thickest Ranks,
 The hardy Youth to quell,
 Wha stood unmov'd at his Approach
 His Furie to repell.

That short brown Shaft sae meanly trim'd,
Looks like poor Scotland's Geir,
But dreadfull seems the rusty Poynt!
 And loud he leugh in Jeir.
Aft Britains Blude has dimd its Shyne
This Poynt cut short their Vaunt;
 Syne pierc'd the Boaster's bairded Cheik,
 Nae Time he took to taunt.

Short

Short while he in his Saddle swang,
His Stirrip was nae Stay,
Sae feible hang his unbent Knee,
Sure taken he was fey :
Swith on the hardened Clay he fell :
Right far was hard the Thud,
But *Thomas* look'd not as he lay
All waltering in his Blude.

With cairles Gesture, Mynd unmov'd,
On raid he north the Plain,
His seim in Thrang of fiercest Stryfe,
When Winner ay the same ;
Nor yet his Heart Dames dimpelit Cheik
Cou'd meise fast Love to bruik,
Till vengeful *Ann* returnd his Scorn,
Then languid grew his Look.

In Thrawis of Death, with wailowir Cheik
All panting on the Plain,
The fainting Corps of Warriours lay,
Neir to aryse again ;
Neir to return to native Land,
Nae mair with blythsome Sounds,
To boast the Glories of the Day,
And shaw thair Shyning Wounds.

On *Norway's* Coast the widow'd Dame
May wath the Rocks with Teirs,
May lang look owre the shiples Seis,
Before hir Mate appeirs.
Ceise, *Emma*, ceise to hope in vain,
Thy Lord lyes in the Clay,
The valiant *Scots* nae *Revers* thole
To carry Lyfe away.

There on a Lie whair stands a Cross,
 Set up for Monument,
 Thousands full fierce that Summer's Day
 Filld keen Waris black Intent.
 Let *Scots*, while *Scots*, praise *Hardyknute*,
 Let *Norse* the Name ay dreid,
 Ay how he faught, aft how he spaird,
 Sal latest Ages reid.

Loud and chill blew westlin Wind,
 Sair bear the heavy Showir,
 Mirk grew the Nigh: eir *Hardyknute*
 Wan neir his stately Tower ;
 His Tower that us'd with Torches bleise,
 To shyne sae far at Night,
 Seim'd now as black as mourning Weid,
 Nae Marvel fair he feight.

There's nae Light in my Ladys Bowir
There's nae Light in my Hall ;
Nae Blink shynes round my Fairly fair,
Nor Ward stands on my Wall.
What bodes it ? Robert, Thomas say,
Nae Answer fits their Dreid.
Stand back, my Sons, I'll be your Gyde,
But by they past with Speid.

As fast I haif sped owre Scotland's Faes,
 There ceist his Brag of Weir,
 Sair sham'd to mynd ought but his Dame,
 And Maiden *Fairly* fair.
 Black Fear he felt, but what to fear
 He wist not yet with Dreid ;
 Sair shook his Body, fair his Limbs,
 And all the Warrior fled.

* * * * *

The

The Braes of Yarrow.

BUSK ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny Bride,
 Busk ye, busk ye, my winsom Marrow,
 Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny Bride,
 And let us leave the Braes of *Yarrow*.

Where got ye that bonny bonny Bride,
 Where got ye that winsom Marrow?
 I got her where I durst not well be seen,
 Puing the Birks on the Braes of *Yarrow*.

Weep not, weep not, my bonny bonny Bride,
 Weep not, weep not, my winsom Marrow,
 Nor let thy Heart lament to leave
 Puing the Birks on the Braes of *Yarrow*.

Why does she weep, thy bonny bonny Bride?
 Why does she weep, thy winsom Marrow?
 And why dare ye nae mair well be seen,
 Puing the Birks on the Braes of *Yarrow*.

Lang must she weep, lang must she, must she weep,
 Lang must she weep with Dole and Sorrow,
 And lang must I nae mair well be seen
 Puing the Birks on the Braes of *Yarrow*.

For she has tint her Lover, Lover dear,
 Her Lover dear, the Cause of Sorrow,
 And I have slain the comliest Swain,
 That ever pu'd Birks on the Braes of *Yarrow*.

Why runs thy Stream, O *Yarrow*, *Yarrow*, reid?
 Why on thy Braes heard the Voice of Sorrow?
 And why yon melancholious Weeds,
 Hung on the bonny Birks of *Yarrow*?

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What's yonder floats on the rueful, rueful Flood?
 What's yonder floats? O Dole and Sorrow,
 O 'tis the comely Swain I flew
 Upon the doleful Braes of *Yarrow*.

Wash, O wash his Wounds, his Wounds in Tears!
 His Wounds in Tears of Dole and Sorrow,
 And wrap his Limbs in Murning Weeds,
 And lay him on the Braes of *Yarrow*.

Then build, then build, ye Sisters, Sisters sad,
 Ye Sisters sad, his Tomb with Sorrow,
 And weep around in woful wise,
 His helpless Fate on the Braes of *Yarrow*.

Curse ye, curse ye, his useless, useless Shield,
 My Arm that wrought the Deed of Sorrow,
 The fatal Spear that pierc'd his Breast,
 His comely Breast, on the Braes of *Yarrow*.

Did I not warn thee not to, not to love,
 And warn from Fight; But to my Sorrow,
 Too rashly bold, a stronger Arm
 Thou met'st, and fell on the Braes of *Yarrow*.

Sweets smells the Birk, green grows, green grows
 the Grass,
 Yellow on *Yarrow's* Braes the Gowan,
 Fair hangs the Apple frae the Rock,
 Sweet the Wave of *Yarrow* flowan.

Flows *Yarrow* sweet, as sweet, as sweet flows *Tweed*,
 As green its Grass, its Gowan as yellow;
 As sweet smells on its Braes the Birk,
 The Apple from its Rocks as mellow.

Fair

Fair was thy Love, fair, fair indeed thy Love,
In flow'ry Bands thou him didst fetter;
Tho' he was fair, and well belov'd again,
Than me he never lov'd thee better.

Busk ye, then busk, my bonny bonny Bride,
Busk ye, then busk, my winsom Marrow,
Busk ye, and loo me on the Banks of *Tweed*,
And think nae mair on the Braes of *Yarrow*.

How can I busk a bonny bonny Bride?
How can I busk a winsom Marrow?
How loo him on the Banks of *Tweed*,
That slew my Love on the Braes of *Yarrow*?

O *Yarrow* Fields, may never, never Rain,
No Dew thy tender Blossoms cover,
For there was vilely kill'd my Love,
My Love as he had not been a Lover.

The Boy put on his Robes, his Robes of green,
His purple Vest, 'twas my awn sewing,
Ah! wretched me, I little, little knew,
He was in these to meet his Ruin.

The Boy took out his Milk-white, Milk-white Steed,
Unheedful of my Dole and Sorrow,
But e'er the Toofal of the Night,
He lay a Corps on the Braes of *Yarrow*.

Much I rejoyc'd that woeful, woeful Day,
I sung, my Voice the Woods returning,
But lang e'er Night, the Spear was flown
That slew my Love, and left me mourning.

What can my barbarous, barbarous Father do,
But with his cruel Rage pursue me?
My Lover's Blood is on thy Spear;
How canst thou, barbarous Man, then woo me?

My

My happy Sisters may be, may be proud,
 With cruel and ungentle Scoffing,
 May bid me seek on *Yarrow's* Braes
 My Lover nailed in his Coffin.

My Brother *Douglas* may upbraid,
 And strive with threatening Words to move me;
 My Lover's Blood is on thy Spear,
 How can'st thou ever bid me love thee?

Yes, yes, prepare the Bed, the Bed of Love,
 With Bridal Sheets my Body cover,
 Unbar, ye Bridal Maids, the Door,
 Let in the expected Husband Lover.

But who the expected Husband, Husband is?
 His Hands, methinks, are bath'd in Slaughter.
 Ah me! what ghastly Spectre's yon,
 Comes, in his pale Shroud, bleeding after?

Pale as he is, here lay him, lay him down,
 O lay his cold Head on my Pillow;
 Take off, take off these Bridal Weeds,
 And crown my careful Head with Willow.

Pale tho' thou art, yet best, yet best belov'd,
 O could my Warmth to Life restore thee;
 Yet lye all Night between my Breasts;
 No Youth lay ever there before thee.

Pale, pale indeed, O lovely, lovely Youth!
 Forgive, forgive so foul a Slaughter,
 And lye all Night between my Breasts,
 No Youth shall ever lye there after.

Return, return, O mournful, mournful Bride,
 Return and dry thy useless ~~Borrow~~ ^{Sorrow},
 Thy Lover heeds nought of thy Sighs,
 He lies a Corps in the Braes of *Yarrow*.

☞ See the following SONGS in their proper Places in a Pastoral Comedy lately publish'd, entitl'd, The Gentle Shepherd.

The wawking of the Faulds. Sung by Patie.

MY Peggy is a young thing,
Just enter'd in her Teens,
Fair as the Day, and sweet as *May*,
Fair as the Day, and always gay.

My Peggy is a young thing,
And I'm not very auld,
Yet well I like to meet her at
The wawking of the Fauld.

My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
Whene'er we meet alane,
I with nae mair, to lay my Care,
I with nae mair of a' that's rare.
My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
To a' the lave I'm cauld;
But she gars a' my Spirits glow
At wawking of the Fauld.

My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
Whene'er I whisper Love,
That I look down on a' the Town,
That I look down upon the Crown.
My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
It makes me blyth and bauld,
And naithing gi'es me sic Delight,
As wawking of the Fauld.

My Peggy sings sae saftly,
 When on my Pipe I play;
 By a' the rest, it is confest,
 By a' the rest, that she sings best.
 My Peggy sings sae saftly,
 And in her Sangs are tald,
 With Innocence the Wale of Sense,
 At wawking of the Fauld.

Fy gar rub her o'er with Strae. Sung by Patie.

DEAR Roger, if your Jenny geck,
 And answer Kindness with a Slight,
 Seem unconcern'd at her Neglect,
 For Women in a Man delight:
 But them despise who're soon defeat,
 And with a simple Face give Way
 To a Repulse---then be not blate,
 Push bauldly on, and win the Day.

When Maidens, innocently young,
 Say aften what they never mean;
 Ne'er mind their pretty lying Tongue;
 But tent the Language of their Een:
 If these agree, and she persist
 To answer all your Love with Hate,
 Seek elsewhere to be better blest,
 And let her sigh when 'tis too late.

Polwart on the Green. Sung by Peggy.

THE Dorry will repent,
 If Lover's Heart grow cauld,
 And nane her Smiles will tent,
 Soon as her Face looks auld:

The

The dawted Bairn thus takes the Per,
Nor eats, tho' hunger crave,
Whimpers and tarrows at its Meat,
And's laught at by the lave;
They jest it till the Dinner's past,
Thus by it sell abus'd,
The fool thing is oblig'd to fast,
Or eat what they've refus'd.

O dear Mother, what shall I do? Sung by Jenny.

O Dear Peggy, Love's beguiling,
We ought not to trust his Smiling;
Beter far to do as I do,
Lest a harder Luck betyde you.
Lasses when their Fancy's carried,
Think of nought but to be married;
Running to a Life destroys
Heartsome, free and youthful Joys.

How can I be sad on my Wedding-Day? Sung by Peggy.

HOW shall I be sad when a Husband I hae
That has better Sense than any of thae
Sour weak filly Fellows, that study like Fools
To sink their ain Joy, and make their Wives Snoods?
The Man who is prudent ne'er lightlies his Wife,
Or with dull Reproaches encourages Strife;
He praises her Virtues, and ne'er will abuse
Her for a small Failing, but find an Excuse.

Nanfy's

Nansy's to the Green Wood gane. Sung by Jenny.

I Yield, dear Lassie, you have won,
And there is nae denying,
That sure as Light flows frae the Sun,
Frac Love proceeds complying;
For a' that we can do or say
'Gainst Love, nae Thinker heeds us,
They ken our Bosoms lodge the Fac,
That by the Heart-strings leads us.

Cald Kale in Aberdeen. Sung by Glaud or Symon.

CAULD be the Rebel's Cast,
Oppressors base and bloody,
I hope we'll see them at the last
Strung a' up in a Woody.
Blest be he of Worth and Sense,
And ever high his Station,
That bravely stands in the Defence
Of Conscience, King and Nation.

Mucking of Geordy's Byer. Sung by Symon.

THE Laird who in Riches and Honour
Wad thrive, should be kindly and free,
Nor rack the poor Tenants who labour
To rise aboon Poverty:
Else, like the Pack-horse that's unfother'd
And burthen'd, will tumble down faint;
Thus Virtue by Hardship is smother'd,
And Rackers aft tine their Rent.

Carle

Carle and the King come. Sung by Maufe.

PEGGY, now the King's come,
 Peggy, now the King's come,
 Thou may dance, and I shall sing,
 Peggy, since the King's come.
 Nae mair the Hawkies thou shalt milk,
 But change thy Plaiding-coat for Silk,
 And be a Lady of that Ilk,
 Now, Peggy, since the King's come.

*Winter was cauld, and my Cleathing was thin.
 Sung by Peggy and Patie.*

P E G G Y.

WHEN first my dear Laddie gade to the green
 Hill,
 And I at Ew-milking first sey'd my young Skill,
 To bear the Milk-bowie nae Pain was to me,
 When I at the Bughting forgather'd with thee.

P A T I E.

When Corn-riggs wav'd yellow, and blew Hether'd-
 bells,
 Bloom'd bonny on Moorland and sweet rising Fells,
 Nae Birns, Brier, or Breckens, gave Trouble to me,
 If I found the Berries right ripen'd for thee.

P E G G Y.

When thou ran, or wrestled, or putt'd the Stane,
 And came aff the Victor, my Heart was ay fain:
 Thy ilka Sport manly, gave Pleasure to me;
 For nane can putt, wrestle, or run swift as thee.

PATIE.

PATIE.

Our *Jenny* sings saftly the *Cowden Broom-Knows*,
 And *Rosie* liltis sweetly the *Milking the Ews*;
 There's few *Jenny Nettles* like *Nansy* can sing,
 At *Throw the Wood Laddie Befs* gars our Lugs ring.

But when my dear *Peggy* sings with better Skill,
 The *Boat-man*, *Tweed-side*, or the *Lasts of the Mill*,
 'Tis many Times sweeter and pleasing to me;
 For tho' they sing nicely, they cannot like thee.

PEGGY.

How easy can Lasses trow what they desire?
 And Praises fae kindly increases Love's Fire;
 Give me still this Pleasure, my Study I shall be
 To make myself better and sweeter for thee.

By the delicious Warmness of thy Mouth, &c.
Sung by Patie and Peggy; printed in the Pastoral,
p. 25, and in the Tea-Table Miscellany, p. 81.

Happy Clown. Sung by Sir William.

HID from himself, now by the Dawn
 He starts as fresh as Roses blawn,
 And ranges o'er the Heights and Lawn,
 After his bleeting Flocks.
 Healthful, and innocently gay
 He chants and whistles out the Day;
 Untaught to smile, and then betray,
 Like Courtly Weather-cocks.

Life happy from Ambition free,
 Envy and vile Hypocritic,
 Where Truth and Love with Joys agree,
 Unfulled with a Crime :
 Unmov'd with what disturbs the Great,
 In propping of their Pride and State ;
 He lives, and unafraid of Fate,
 Contented spends his Time.

Leith-Wynd. Sung by Jenny and Roger.

Jenny. **W**ERE I assur'd you'll constant prove,
 You should nae mair complain,
 The easy Maid beset with Love,
 Few Words will quickly gain ;
 For I must own, now since you're free,
 This too fond Heart of mine
 Has lang, a Black-sole true to thee,
 Wish'd to be pair'd with thine.

Roger. I'm happy now, ah ! let my Head
 Upon thy Breast recline ;
 The Pleasure strikes me near-hand dead !
 Is *Jenny* then sae kind ?---
 O let me bris thee to my Heart !
 And round my Arms entwine :
 Delytful Thought ; we'll never part !
 Come press thy Mouth to mine.



O'er Bogie. Sung by Jenny.

WELL I agree, ye're sure of me ;
 Next to my Father gae,
 Make him content to give Consent,
 He'll hardly say you nay :
 For you have what he wad be at,
 And will commend you well,
 Since Parents auld think Love grows cauld
 Where Bairns want Milk and Meal.

Shou'd he deny, I carena by,
 He'd contradict in vain ;
 Tho' a' my Kin had said and sworn,
 But thee I will have nane.
 Then never range, or learn to change,
 Like these in high Degree :
 And if you prove faithful in Love,
 You'll find nae Fault in me.

Wat ye wha I met Yestreen? Sung by Sir William.

NOW from Rusticity and Love,
 Whose Flames but over lowly burn,
 My Gentle Shepherd must be drove;
 His Soul must take another Turn :
 As the rough Di'mond from the Mine,
 In Breakings only shews its Light,
 'Till Polishing has made it shine,
 Thus Learning makes the Genius bright.

Kirk

Kirk wad let me be. Sung by Patie.

DUTY and part of Reason
Plead strong on the Parents Side,
Which Love superior calls Treason;
The strongest must be obey'd:
For now, tho' I'm one of the Gentry,
My Constancy Falshood repels;
For Change in my Heart is no Entry,
Still there my dear *Peggy* excells.

*Woes my Heart that we should funder. Sung by
Peggy.*

SPEAK oh,---speak thus, and still my Grief,
Hold up a Heart that's sinking under
These Fears, that soon will want Relief,
When *Pate* must from his *Peggy* funder.
A gentler Face and Silk-attire,
A Lady rich in Beauty's Blossom,
Alake poor me! will now conspire,
To steal thee from thy *Peggy's* Bosom.

No more the Shepherd who excell'd
The rest, whose Wit made them to wonder,
Shall now his *Peggy's* Praises tell,
Ah! I can die, but never funder.
Ye Meadows where we often stray'd,
Ye Banks where we were wont to wander,
Sweet-scented Rucks round which we play'd,
You'll lose your Sweets when we're afunder.

Again ah! shall I never creep
 Around the Know with silent Duty,
 Kindly to watch thee while asleep,
 And wonder at thy manly Beauty?
 Hear, Heaven, while solemnly I vow,
 Tho' thou shouldst prove a wandering Lover,
 Throw Life to thee I shall prove true,
 Nor be a Wife to any other.

Tweed-side. Sung by Peggy.

WHEN Hope was quite sunk in Despair,
 My Heart it was going to break;
 My Life appear'd worthless my Care,
 But now I will sav't for thy Sake.
 Where'er my Love travels by Day,
 Wherever he lodges by Night,
 With me his dear Image shall stay,
 And my Soul keep him ever in Sight.

With Patience I'll wait the long Year,
 And study the gentlest Charms;
 Hope Time away till thou appear,
 To lock thee for ay in those Arms.
 Whilst thou wast a Shepherd, I priz'd
 No higher Degree in this Life;
 But now I'll endeavour to rise
 To a Height is becoming thy Wife.

For

For Beauty that's only Skin deep,
 Must fade like the Gowans of *May*,
 But inwardly rooted, will keep
 For ever without a Decay.
 Nor Age, nor the Changes of Life,
 Can quench the fair Fire of Love,
 If Virtue's ingrain'd in the Wife,
 And the Husband have Sense to approve.

Bush aboon Traquair. Sung by Peggy.

AT setting Day and rising Morn,
 With Soul that still shall love thee,
 I'll ask of Heaven thy safe Return,
 With all that can improve thee.
 I'll visit oft the Birken-bush,
 Where first thou kindly told me,
 Sweet Tales of Love, and hid my Blush,
 Whilst round thou didst enfold me.

To all our Haunts I will repair,
 By Greenwood-thaw or Fountain;
 Or where the Summer-Day I'd share
 With thee, upon yon Mountain.
 There will I tell the Trees and Flowers,
 From Thoughts unfeign'd and tender.
 By Vows you're mine, by Love is yours
 A Heart which cannot wander.



Bony gray-ey'd Morn. Sung by Sir William.

THE bony gray-ey'd Morning begins to peep,
 And Darknes flies before the rising Ray,
 The hearty Hynd starts from his lazy Sleep,
 To follow healthful Labours of the Day,
 Without a guilty Sting to wrinkle his Brow,
 The Lark and the Linnct tend his Levee,
 And he joins their Concert, driving his Plow,
 From Toil of Grimace and Pageantry free.

While fluster'd with Wine, or madden'd with Loss
 Of Half an Estate, the Prey of a Main,
 The Drunkard and Gamester tumble and tofs,
 Wishing for Calmness and Slumber in vain.
 Be my Portion Health and Quietness of Mind,
 Plac'd at due Distance from Parties and State,
 Where neither Ambition nor Avarice blind,
 Reach him who has Happiness link'd to his Fate.

F I N I S.



EXPLANATION O F T H E S C O T S Words.

A['] *all.*
Abeit, albeit.
Aboon, above,

Ae, one.

Aff, off.

Aften, often.

Aik, Oak.

Ain, own.

Airh, Oath.

Air, early.

Alane, alone.

Amaist, almost.

Ambry, Cupboard.

Ane, one.

Anither, another.

Awa, away.

Auld, old.

Ayont, beyond.

B

B^A, *Ball.*
Baith, both.

Bane, Bone.

Bannocks, Oat-bread.

Baps, Roll-bread.

Bawm, Balm.

Bauk, baulk.

Bedralls, Beedles.

Beet, to help or repair.

Bend, to drink.

Bennison, Blessing.

Bent, the open Fields.

*Bewith, somewhat, in the
mean time.*

Birks, Birch.

Bigg, build.

Billy, Brother.

*Bindging, becking, ben-
ding.*

Blate, bashful.

Blaw, blow.

Bleeze, blaze.

Blink, Glance of the Eye.

Bluter, Blunder.

Bode, predict.

Bodin, stored.

EXPLANATION of

Bot or But, <i>without.</i>	Clag, <i>Failing or Imperfection.</i>
Bougils, <i>sounding Horns.</i>	Clar, <i>a Rake.</i>
Bountith, <i>a Gratuity.</i>	Claihs, <i>Cloaths.</i>
Bowt, <i>Bolt.</i>	Clashes, <i>tittle tattle.</i>
Brachen, <i>a sort of Broth.</i>	Clock, <i>a Beetle.</i>
Brae, <i>rising Ground.</i>	Cockernony, <i>the Hair bound up.</i>
Brankit, <i>primm'd up.</i>	Cod, <i>a Pillow.</i>
Braid, <i>broad.</i>	Coft, <i>bought.</i>
Brander, <i>a Gridiron.</i>	Cogg, <i>a wooden Dish.</i>
Braw, <i>finely drest.</i>	Coof, <i>a Blockhead.</i>
Broach, <i>a Buckle.</i>	Coots, <i>Joint of the Ankle.</i>
Brack, <i>broken Parts, or Refuse.</i>	Courtchea or Curtchea, <i>a Handkerchief.</i>
Brow, <i>the Forehead.</i>	Crack, <i>to boast.</i>
Bruik, <i>to love and enjoy.</i>	Creel, <i>Basket or Hamper.</i>
Bught, <i>Sheep-fold.</i>	Crocks, <i>lean Sheep.</i>
Burnist, <i>polished.</i>	Croft, <i>Corn-land.</i>
Burn, <i>a Rivulet.</i>	Crouse, <i>brisk, bold.</i>
Busk, <i>to deck.</i>	Crowdy-mowdy, <i>a sort of Gruel.</i>
But and ben, <i>be out and be in.</i>	Crummy, <i>a Cow's Name.</i>
Byer, <i>a Cow-house.</i>	Cunzie, <i>Coin.</i>

C

CA' *call.*
Cadgie, *cheerful.*
Caff, *Calf. Id. Chaff.*
Canna, *cannot.*
Canker'd, *angry.*
Canny, *cautious, lucky.*
Carlings, *old W. men. Id. boil'd Pease.*
Cauld, *cold.*
Cauler, *cool, fresh.*
Cawk, *Chalk.*

D

DAffin, *Folly, Wantonness.*
Daft, *mad, foolish.*
Dawt, *fondle, caress.*
Dight, *to wipe.*
Dinna, *do not.*
Ding, *beat.*
Dool, *Trouble.*
Dofend, *frozen, cold.*
Dorry,

the SCOTS Words.

Dorty, *baughty*.
 Dow, *can*. Id. Dove.
 Downa, *cannot*.
 Dowf, *spiritlefs*.
 Doughtna, *could not*.
 Dowy, *weary, lonely*.
 Draut, *to speak slow*.
 Dramock, *cold Gruel*.
 Drap, *Drop*.
 Dwining, *decaying*.
 Dunting, *beating*.
 Dulce and Tangle, *Sea-Plants*.
 Durk, *a Dagger*.

E

EARD, *Earth*.
 Een, *Eyes*.
 Eild *Age*.
 Eith, *easy*.
 Elding, *Fuel*.
 Eem, *Cousin*.
 Ettle, *Aim*.
 Eydent, *diligent*.

F

FA', *fall*.
 Fadge, *a coarse sort of Roll-bread*.
 Fae, *Foe*.
 Fand, *found*.
 Fangle, *Newfangle, fond of what's new*.
 Farles, *thin Oat-cakes*.
 Fash, *trouble*.

Faufe, *false*.
 Faut, *Fault*.
 Fec, *Wages*.
 Feirs, *Brothers*.
 Fendy, *active, industrious*.
 Fenzie, *feign*.
 Ferly, *Wonder*.
 Fey, *attended by a Fatality*.
 Flee, *Fly*.
 Flouks, *Flounders*.
 Flyte, *to scold*.
 Fog, *Moss*.
 Fore, *to the fore, in being, or lasting*.
 Fouth, *plenty*.
 Frae, *from*.
 Fraising, *babling with a foolish Wonder*.
 Fou or Fu', *full*.

G

GAB, *the Mouth*.
 Gabocks, *large Mouthfuls*.
 Gaberlunzie, *a Wallet that hangs on the Side or Loin*.
 Gae, *gave*. Id. go.
 Gane, *gone*.
 Gar, *make or cause*.
 Gawfy, *jolly, large*.
 Gate, *Way*.
 Gawn, *going*.

Gawd.

E X P L A N A T I O N of

Gawd, *gall'd*, Id. Goad.
 Gawky, *empty*, foolish.
 Gawnt, to yawn.
 Geck, to *flout and jeer*.
 Genty, *small and neat*.
 Gin and gif, *if*.
 Glaive, a *Sword*.
 Glakit, *idle and rompiſh*.
 Glee, *Joy*.
 Glead, *squinting*.
 Gleen, a *Hollow between Hills*.
 Gloyd, an *old Horſe*.
 Glowr, to *ſtare*.
 Gowk, the *Cuckow*. Id. a *Fool*.

Gowping, *Handſul*.
 Graip, to *grope*. Id. a *Dung-Fork*.
 Graith, *Accutremments*.
 Grots, *skinn'd Oats*.
 Gutcher, *Grand-father*.

H

HA', *Hall*.
 Hae, *have*.
 Haf, *half*.
 Hagies, a *boy'd Pudding made of a Sheep's Pluck, minc'd with Sewet*.
 Halucker, *light-headed, whimſical*.
 Hale, *whole*.
 Haly, *holy*.

Hame, *home*.
 Hames and Brechoms, *wore about the Neck of a Cart-Horſe*.
 Hawſe, *embrace*.
 Heeze, to *lift*.
 Hecht, *promiſed*.
 Heugh, any *ſleep Place*.
 Hodle, to *waddle in walking*.
 Hoden, *coarſe Cloath*.
 Hows, *Hollows*.
 Howms, *Vallies on River-fides*.

I

JE E, to *jee back and again, the Motion of a Balance*.
 Ill-fard, *ill-favour'd, or ugly*.
 Ilk, *each*.
 Ilka, *every*.
 Ingle, *Fire*.
 Jo, *Sweet-heart*.
 Jouk, to *bow*.
 Irk, *weary or tired*.
 Irie, *aſraid of Ghoſts*.
 Iihogles, *Iceicles*.
 Iſe, I *ſhall*.
 Ither, *other*.

K

K AIRN, or *Cairn, Heaps of monumet- al Stones*.

Kame,

Kam
 Kail,
 B
 Kebu
 Keek
 Ken,
 Kepp
 Kilt
 Kirm
 Kirtl
 Kim
 Kuro

L
 Lano
 Lait
 Lapp
 Law
 Law
 Lave
 Lee,
 Leef
 Leez

u
 p
 Leil
 Leug
 Lib
 Lilt
 Lin
 Loo
 Loo
 Lou
 Lou

the SCOTS Words.

Kame, Comb.
Kail, Coleworts. Id.

Broth.

Kebuck, a Cheefe.

Keek, peep.

Ken, know.

Kepp, to catch.

Kilted, tuck'd up.

Kirn, Churn.

Kirtle, Upper-petticoat.

Kimmer, a she Gossip.

Kurchie, Handkerchief.

L

L AG, to fall behind.

Laigh, low.

Lane, own self.

Laith, loth.

Lapperd, curdled.

Law, low.

Lawty, Justice.

Lave, the rest.

Lee, fallow Ground.

Leesome, lovely.

Leeze me, a Phrase used
when one loves or is
pleased with a Person.

Leil, exact.

Leugh, laughed.

Lib, to geld.

Lilt, a Tune.

Linkan, to move quickly.

Loor, rather.

Loos, loves.

Loun, a sly Wencher.

Lour, to bow.

Lown, calm.

Lowan, flaming.

Lucken, gathered toge-
ther, or close join'd to
one another.

Lyart, Hoary, or Gray.

M

MAIK, a Mate.

Mair, more.

Mais, most.

Makina, it matters not.

Mane, Moan.

March, Limits or Bor-
der of Grounds.

Marrow, match.

Maun, must.

Mawking, a Hare.

Mavis, the Thrush.

Meikle or Muckle, much.

Meise, move.

Mends, Revenge.

Menfe, Manners. Id. to
decorate.

Menzie, a Company or
Retinue.

Milfy, a Search for Milk.

Mint, attempt.

Minny, Mother.

Mirk, dark.

Mons-meg, a very large
Iron Cannon in the
Castle of Edinburgh,
capable of holding two
People.

Mou,

EXPLANATION of

Mou, Mouth.
Moup, to eat as wanting
Teeth.
Mouter, the Miller's
Toll.
Muck, Dung.
Murches, Linen Quoifs
or Hoods.

N

NA, and Nae, no,
none.
Nane, none.
Nees, Nose.
Neist, next.
Nither, starve or pinch.
Nowther, neither.

O

OE, Grand-child.
Ony, any.
Owrlly, a Cravat.
Owsen, Oxen.
Oxter, Arm-pit.

P

PAntrey, a Buttery.
Partans, Crab-fish.
Pat, put.
Pawky, cunning.
Paunches, Tripe.
Peat-pot, Peat Coal-pit.
Pibroch, a Highland
Tune.
Pickle, a small Share.
Pig, Earthen-pot.

Pillar, Stool of Repen-
tance.

Pine, Pain.
Pith, Strength.
Plet, to fold. Id. twist.
Poortith, Poverty.
Pou or Pu, pull.
Pow, Poll.
Powslowdy, Ram-head
Sup.

Prig, baggle.
Prive, to prove or taste.

R

RAIR, roar.
Rashes, Rushes.
Red up, put in order.
Renzie, Rein.
Rever, Robber.
Rifarts, Radishes.
Rife, plenty.
Riggs, Ridges.
Row, Roll.
Rowth, Wealth.
Rude, crows.
Runkled, wrinkled.
Rung, a Club.
Ruse or Roose, to praise.

S

SA E, so.
Saft, soft.
Sair, sore.
Sawt, Salt.
Seim, Appearance.

Sell,

Sell, /
Sey,
Shann
Shang
vil-
mu
Sharn
Shaw
ban
Shoo,
Shoon
Shote
Shire,
A sh
Fel
Sic or
Sican
Sin or
Sindle
Sinsy
Skair
Skaitl
Skink
Sma',
Snack
Snaw
Sneist
Snish
Snooc
Snug
Sodde
Sonfy
Sowe
Gr
Pa

the SCOTS Words.

Sell, <i>self</i> .	Soum, of Sheep 20.
Sey, <i>try</i> .	Spake, <i>spoke</i> .
Shanna, <i>shall not</i> .	Speer, <i>to ask</i> .
Shangy-mouth'd or Shevil-gabit, <i>the Mouth much to one Side</i> .	Spelding, <i>dry'd White-fish</i> .
Sharn, <i>Cow-dung</i> .	Stalwart, <i>strong, well-made</i> .
Shaw, <i>show</i> . Id. a Woody-bank.	Stane, <i>Stone</i> .
Shoo, a Shoe.	Starns, <i>Stars</i> .
Shoon, <i>Shoes</i> .	Steek, <i>shut</i> .
Shote, <i>to threaten</i> .	Stend, <i>stalk hastily</i> .
Shire, <i>thin</i> .	Stirk, a young Bullock.
A shire Lick, a smart Fellow.	Stoup, a Prop.
Sic or Sick, <i>such</i> .	Strae, <i>Straw</i> .
Sican, <i>such an one</i> .	Streek, <i>stretch</i> .
Sin or syne, <i>since</i> .	Stenzie, <i>to stain</i> .
Sindle, <i>seldom</i> .	Swats, <i>small Ale</i> .
Sinsyne, <i>since that time</i> .	Sweer, <i>unwilling, lazy</i> .
Skair, <i>Share</i> .	Swither, <i>in doubt</i> .
Skaith, <i>Harm, Loss</i> .	Seybows, <i>young Onions</i> .
Skink, <i>strong Soup</i> .	Syne, <i>then</i> .
Sma', <i>small</i> .	
Snack, <i>smart</i> .	T
Snaw, <i>Snow</i> .	TAE, <i>Toe</i> .
Sneist, <i>to snarl</i> .	Tald, <i>told</i> .
Snishing, <i>Snuff</i> .	Taiken, <i>Token</i> .
Snood, a Head-band.	Tane, <i>taken</i> . Id. <i>the one</i> .
Snug, <i>convenient, neat</i> .	Tap, <i>Top</i> .
Sodden, <i>boild</i> .	Tauk, <i>talk</i> .
Sonfy, <i>fortunate, jolly</i> .	Tent Notice.
Sowens, a kind of sower'd Gruel, <i>boild like Paste</i> .	Thac, <i>those</i> .
	Theyse, <i>they shall</i> .
	Thole, <i>to suffer</i> .
	Thowles, <i>spiritless</i> .
	Thud, <i>Noise of a stroke</i> .
	Tine, <i>lose</i> .

Tim,

EXPLANATION of

Tint, *loft.*
 Titter, *rather.*
 Tocher, *Dowry.*
 Tooly, *fight, contend.*
 Todlen, *a rolling short*
Step.
 Touzle, *to ruffle.*
 Trig, *neat.*
 Trow, *believe.*
 Trist, *Appointment.*
 Twin, *to part from.*

W

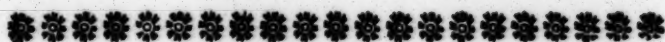
WAD, *would.*
 Wae, *woe.*
 Wale, *to chuse the Choice.*
 Waen, *Child.*
 Wallowit, *faded or wi-*
ther'd.
 Wan, *pale.* Id. Won.
 Walop, *gallop.*
 Wame, *Womb.*
 Ware, *bestow.*
 War, *worse.*
 Wat, *know.*
 Waws, *Walls.*
 Wawk, *walk.* Id. wake.
 Wawkrife, *not inclined*
to sleep.
 Wear in, *bem in.*
 Wee, *little.*
 Weind, *Thought.*

Weirs, *Wars.*
 Wha, *who.*
 Whang, *a large Cut.*
 Whatrecks, *what mat-*
ters it.
 Whilk, *which,*
 Whinging, *whining.*
 Whisht, *hold your Peace.*
 Whillywha, *a Cheat or*
Bite.
 Wilks, *Periwinkles.*
 Win or Won, *dwell.*
 Winna, *will not.*
 Winsome, *handsome.*
 Wist, *known.*
 Withershins, *to move*
contrary.
 Woo, *Wooll.*
 Wood, *mad.*
 Woody, *a Withy.*
 Wow! *wonderful! Id.*
ah!
 Wylie, *cunning.*
 Wyson, *the Gullet.*
 Wyte, *to blame.*
 Unco, *very strange.*

Y

YAD, *a Mare.*
 Yefe, *ye shall.*
 Yern, *desire.*
 Yelstreen, *Yesternight.*





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For he of Tityrus his Songs did lere.*

SPENSER, p. 1113.

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